MICKY OF THE ALLEY

KATE DICKINSON SWEETSER

MICKY OF THE ALLEY

UNIV. OF CALIF. LIBRARY, LOS ANGELES

James Barkerding, Knight.

MICKY OF THE ALLEY

AND OTHER YOUNGSTERS

BY

KATE DICKINSON SWEETSER

AUTHOR OF TEN BOYS FROM DICKENS AND TEN GIRLS FROM DICKENS

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE ALFRED WILLIAMS

NEW YORK
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
1903

COPYRIGHT, 1903
BY D. APPLETON AND COMPANY

Published September, 1903

TO

TWO LITTLE YOUNGSTERS

WHO WILL SOON OUTGROW THE TITLE

THIS BOOK

IS LOVINGLY INSCRIBED BY

"TANTE KATE."

2133096

CONTENTS

	PAGE
MICKY OF THE ALLEY	1
A MILLINERY OPENING	25
OTHELLO, JR.	53
JAMES BARKERDING, KNIGHT	93
SAL: HER STORY	121
MAROONED	165

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
James Barkerding, Knight . . .	*Frontispiece*
A millinery opening	38
Othello, Jr.	86
Sal	138

MICKY OF THE ALLEY

MICKY OF THE ALLEY

DURING that portion of his short life spent by Micky in Scott's Alley, he had always been Lord High Chancellor, Chief Justice, and Minister Plenipotentiary of the Alley, dealing out advice, wisdom, and justice, in large or small parcels according to requirements, and the days and weeks were all too short for a person invested with so much power.

At the age of five Micky had been transplanted by his widowed mother from the Connecticut farm, where his grandparents were rusting out their fourscore years, to the city, where she could more easily support herself and her little lame son—for Micky was a cripple. But he never used the term to enlist sympathy—rather, to excite envy, for it was his badge of office, setting him

apart from his comrades by virtue of his limitations, as Ruler of the alley.

His companions were able to go to school, to walk and romp and play, while Micky sat all day on the tumble-down stoop of the house where he lived. Although he was able to walk quite a distance, the process was too slow and painful to be undertaken often, so in winter and summer, bundled up in mufflers and comforters, or clad as scantily as the law allows, he was to be found on the rickety steps of his home, dispensing counsel or gossip.

When he was seven years old Micky was left an orphan, alone in the great city, and the old people on the farm wrote to the women in the alley who had been their daughter's friends, urging that the child be sent back to them at once. But Micky was strenuous in his appeals to stay in his beloved alley for the present, so he remained while months slipped away, and the women ministered to his needs as best they could.

Despite the wan thinness of his oval face,

there was genuine merriment in his laugh and a wholesome sparkle of enthusiasm in his eyes. This made the boys and girls sure of his interest in whatever item they could add to his hoard of information, when they hastened to him after school with a report of so much of their lessons as they could remember. And Micky, with much dignity and reserve in his bearing, listened, absorbed, digested, and gave out again, facts thus accumulated, while the other children, forgetful of what they had repeated to him, looked upon him as the Oracle of their day and generation.

To be in a class by yourself by virtue of conceded superiority is always pleasant, and Micky was supremely content until one unexpected day.

That morning, as usual, after arranging himself comfortably on the steps, he looked about him and was amazed to see a pair of gray eyes staring at him from a stoop across the street. Surprised by the unexpected vision, Micky returned the stare, and

surveyed the newcomer from the tips of his worn-out boots to his round, much freckled face, surmounted by a mop of flaming red hair.

"Hello!" was Micky's first move in the game of hospitality.

"Hello, yerself!" was the quick reply in a rough, loud voice.

"Where'd you come from? I never saw you before!"

"You bet ye didn't!" The new boy's voice was boisterously contemptuous. "'Tain't my fault ye see me now. Dad's got work in the Swamp, so we had ter come too. It's the worst old hole I ever seen."

His beautiful alley, where so many interesting things happened, and where one could catch such fine glimpses of the sunset called by such a name! Micky was dumb with resentment for some seconds, then he remarked: "You'll take that back when you get 'quainted. It's an awful nice place. Ain't you goin' to school?"

"No!" The monosyllable shot across the

street with the force of a cannon-ball, and quieted Micky again. But curiosity conquered, and leaning over, he called back, "Why?"

The new boy's cheeks flamed until they matched his hair.

"Mind yer bizness!" he retorted; then for some unknown reason added curtly: "I'm lame. That's why."

Quick as a flash enthusiasm leaped high in Micky's eyes, and he rose. "Wait a minute," he called, "I'm comin' over."

Hobbling across the street, he stood by the new boy's side.

"So am I," he said with a merry laugh. "Ain't that queer! There'll be two of us. It's lots of fun."

"Fun!" exclaimed the new boy in astonishment, as Micky, uninvited, settled himself for a visit. "How d'ye make that out?"

"Well," said Micky confidentially, "bein' different is nice. Nobody gets tired lookin' at a lot of you, and you just sit all day and

tell things for them to listen to. Say, how do your legs go?"

"Go!" said the new boy. "They don't go at all, that's the trouble."

"Neither do mine," confided Micky. "My hip's a hole instead of a hip, an' when one side o' me gets up to go, the other side gets lost in the hole where bones ought to be."

Micky felt pride in this clear explanation of his limitations, and was not prepared for his companion's loud outburst of laughter. He roared and slapped his knees until the alley rang with echoes and Micky's cheeks were pink with wounded pride. "'Tain't comical like that," he said. "Guess I'll go home." But the new boy put out a restraining hand. "Cheese it!" he said. "Sit still. 'Cordin' ter that I'm all holes and no bones at all. I'm seven years old an' they call me Reddy. What's yer name?"

"Michael O'Brien," responded Micky, easily pacified, "an' I'm eight. It's awful strange to have two of us here, ain't it?"

Reddy's reply in the affirmative led to a long conversation which included every topic of interest to them both, ending in an exposition of fighting as a fine art, which they illustrated with as active a set-to as they could engage in. Micky's skill overbalanced Reddy's brute force, and when, exhausted, they fell apart, Reddy looked upon his delicate little companion with admiration not untinged with envy.

But alas for Micky! His supremacy both over the new rival and over his friends began from that day to wane. Reddy was aggressive and selfish, and his jealousy of the refined, popular little chap across the street grew so intense that he resorted to all sorts of devices by which to lure Micky's subjects to his own doorstep. Once having beguiled them to his side, he had an apparently endless fund of thrilling adventures to relate to them. His father had been mate on a southern steamer for some years, and from Reddy's accounts his father and he had had escapes and happenings enough to fill vol-

umes. It made little difference to his audience whether the tales were true or imaginary; in any case they were enthralling to the eager group gathered around their new leader, and so skilfully did Reddy use his power that Micky ceased to attract or to hold court as of old. Since the day when he fought Reddy and beat him the newcomer had paid him only the scant courtesy of an occasional nod or a careless "Come on over. All the fellers are comin' ter hear my yarns."

These invitations Micky always acknowledged with a smile, but did not accept, as he was more comfortable on his own steps. Often as he sat there he felt a troublesome lump rise in his throat. It was not that he minded being alone, for Reddy's loud voice was easy to hear in every corner of the alley as he told his marvelous tales. It was only the thought that those boys and girls used to like to sit with *him* while he did the talking that he minded—that made the lump come in his throat. But he bravely sat

alone and tried to be content with an occasional visit from a former subject, to enjoy his corner and the sunsets as of old, and succeeded fairly well, considering all things.

One afternoon, alone as usual, he was glancing over a Herald, given him by a newsboy of the alley, when a paragraph in it arrested his attention. It told of the coming of a famous German surgeon who could cure the lame by a marvelous and comparatively painless process. So excited did Micky become over it that the letters jumbled themselves together, and only by a supreme mental effort could he separate them into words. But at last he deciphered the fact that the great man would be in New York the following week, and that several prominent city surgeons could each present a number of cases to be operated upon.

Not a moment did Micky lose. Gathering himself together, he hobbled slowly down the street. Reddy, seeing him, called out: "Hey, there—where yer goin'?" And although it gave him additional steps to

take, Micky crossed over and told all about it. But Reddy only laughed at him. "It's a fake, sure," he said. "Ef 'twuz any good, he'd ha' been here long ago. America's too rich not to ha' got on to him afore. Them papers is liars."

This unbelief took the edge off of Micky's enthusiasm, but he would have died rather than show it, so with no retort to Reddy's remark, he continued on his way toward the dispensary, where he proposed to interview Dr. Gates, who had many times given him liniment and advice.

He found the young fellow there on duty, and told him what he had read in the paper, adding: "Reddy says he's a fake, sir. Is he?"

Dr. Gates shook his head. "No, Micky, he is great and good. Reddy doesn't know what he is talking about."

"Oh, then, sir," pleaded Micky, "you can get him to look at my hip, please, sir, can't you?"

Micky's delicate upturned face showed

such intensity of eagerness, and such confidence in the young doctor's ability to help him, that Dr. Gates felt a thrill of interest in the little chap, whose condition he knew to be exactly that most easily helped by the great surgeon. Crossing the room he consulted a ledger, ran his pencil through a name, replaced it by another, and advanced smiling to Micky's side, saying:

"Yes, Micky, we'll give you a chance. Your case will be just what the doctor likes. Who knows, you may play football yet? We can present five subjects for him to choose from, and you shall be number five. I have only had two hundred and forty-nine applications already. You will have to be at the Manhattan Hospital next Friday at nine o'clock. Is there any one to take you?" Micky looked so doubtful that the doctor added: "Very well, come here and go with me. Nine o'clock sharp, and don't get too much excited about it. The quieter you are, you know, the better the result will be for you."

"I'll do my best, sir, thank you," said Micky gravely; then passing out, he found himself again hobbling down the alley, this time with a small cyclone of excitement raging in his breast, which he tried in vain to still. Seeing Reddy, he called out: "'Tain't a fake, an' I'm goin' to have a show."

Reddy snapped his fingers in scorn. "Oh, git out!" he said, and Micky hurried on to share his piece of news with the women in the house, who were all deeply interested, for they were devoted to the little lad.

At last Friday came, and Micky, in a stiffly starched shirt and neatly mended suit, set out for the dispensary, escorted by one of the women, who delivered him over to Dr. Gates, and learned that after the operation Micky would be cared for in the hospital for some days, and that his side would be encased in plaster for several weeks. Listening, Micky did not hear. In imagination he was already taking part in the active and delightful sports which he

had missed for so many years. Even when he and the doctor boarded a car he did not wake from his trance. But as they neared the hospital and the car began to fill with women and children, he roused to watch them.

"I didn't know there were so many in the world like me," he said to the doctor. "Are they all going there, too?"

The doctor said Yes, but added: "They haven't all got a friend at court like you, Micky. Many of them are just going on the chance of having their case attract the doctor's attention."

"And if they don't, will they have to go back home again?"

The doctor nodded, adding reassuringly: "But *you* needn't be afraid. You have a number and a place. The doctor won't pass you by."

"Oh!" said Micky, and again relapsed into silence.

The great building which they soon entered was a marvel of heat and light and

construction to Micky's wondering eyes as they passed through its halls and into a large receiving room; but more interesting still to him were the boys and girls crowding in with eager hope written on their faces. After handing Micky his tag of identification, Dr. Gates disappeared and Micky stood alone, watching the throng of people crowd into the room. A familiar shock of red hair attracted his attention—*Reddy!*

Micky held his breath for astonishment, as he watched the well-known figure push his way roughly through the crowd, elbowing boys and girls aside, until he stood by Micky.

"Hello!" Micky found his voice at last, and tried not to feel regretful, as he added: "What made you come?"

"'Cause I chose to, that's why!" Reddy spoke so crossly that Micky flushed, but he only said as pleasantly as he could: "I'm awful glad you did! Got a doctor and a number?"

"No'op; took me chances!" snapped

Reddy, and there was no more time for conversation. The operating-table was ready for its next occupant and the great surgeon made his way into the waiting-room, his entrance marked by a deep and breathless silence. Looking to right and left, examining tags and faces, and asking questions, he passed through the crowd, and Micky saw joy written on a little girl's face as she was chosen to try her chance of being made over by a man's wonderful skill. Later Nos. 2 and 3 were picked from the ranks and went bravely away to their ordeals. Then the surgeon came into the room again and consulted his watch. No. 3 had taken longer than had been expected; only one more case could be treated that day. Micky felt a powerful hand laid upon his shoulder as he was examined from head to foot, and closely questioned. Then the surgeon's practised eye fell upon Reddy, who had pushed forward, trying to attract attention from Micky, and the famous man looked Reddy over closely, too. "Ah!" he exclaimed.

"An exactly similar case, only younger, easier to work on.—Well, my lad," he added kindly, "I'm sorry, but you see this other little fellow comes first, and has a tag, so I must give him the first chance."

Micky, watching Reddy closely as the surgeon spoke, saw fierce gleams of hope and despair transfigure the freckled face, then give way to a look of purple disappointment. Micky could never explain what happened then; he only knew that with the same tremendous desire to be well which he had nursed for weeks came a restraining impulse more powerful yet. With a quick movement he placed himself behind Reddy, saying to the surgeon: "Go ahead and try him, please. I like bein' lame. *Honest*, I do. They'll tell you so in the alley, and he hates it. Take him. He says he got here first, anyhow."

There was no time for argument or debate. The surgeon's day was all parceled out in small fragments of hours and Micky's tone was conclusive. The great man laid a

hand on his shoulder again, saying kindly: "He is grateful to you, I am sure. Come, then, my boy." And with Reddy following, he left the room, while Micky remained behind in the rank and file of those passed by.

Dr. Gates was very angry when he heard of Micky's behavior, expressing himself so forcibly to that effect that tears came to the tired little lad's eyes. He felt that he must have done a very wrong thing, as he tried to explain the situation to Dr. Gates, and did not seem to make his explanation satisfactory. He felt, too, that he had been ungrateful to the kind young doctor, and that he was somehow responsible for the severe cold in his head which that young man seemed suddenly to have contracted.

The only thing that made him feel less criminal and forlorn was the thought of Reddy's triumphant joy, when he marched off with the surgeon. That recollection made Micky warm and peaceful inside while he was enduring the storm of protestations which followed his return home, for the

women were deeply chagrined when they saw him coming home as he had gone, and heard of Reddy's good fortune. Micky did not offer an explanation of his part in that matter. Reddy had got ahead of him; that was enough to say, but it was not at all pleasant to listen to the reproaches cast upon him for letting himself be outdone by a younger boy. Bedtime came soon, however, and he was so tired that his sleep was heavy and long, and when he awoke the world was a blaze of sunshine.

Then when he was settled on his doorstep again, with no rival across the street, and the eager children crowding around him to hear his story and ask questions, suddenly the old joy of living swept over him in warm waves of satisfaction. Once more he was Lord High Chancellor, Chief Justice, and Minister Plenipotentiary of the Alley, and who would not willingly be lame for that reward?

He was reflecting sagely upon the matter when his meditations were interrupted

by the unwonted sight of a cab drawing up to the curb in front of the house. The vision drew a dozen heads from as many windows, and almost the entire household saw Dr. Gates jump from the cab, beam upon Micky, and call out: "Come, little chap, come! You are to have a show to-day, and I'll stand by to see you take it this time! That red-headed boy says to tell you it isn't a fake, and to come right along and try it."

At first Micky was silent and reluctant. Emotions of pleasure and resistance conflicted within him, and to turn resignation into anticipation at a moment's notice was difficult and bewildering. But Dr. Gates paid no attention to his reluctance, and after a word with one of the women, carried him off in the cab, Micky solemnly waving his hand to the excited watching women as they drove off. Then a quick flush of eagerness crimsoned his face, and deliberately and forever he relinquished his dreams of power, as one of a kind, for the chance of

becoming one of the many—an active, hearty boy.

Hours later, as he lay in the hospital ward, dreamily comfortable after the effects of the ether had worn off, he turned his head at the sound of a familiar voice. *Reddy!* In the next cot lay his rival, his head looking like a cloud of flame against the snowy pillow and his eyes lighted with real pleasure such as Micky had never seen in them before.

"Hello!" he said, and his rough voice actually trembled with emotion. "Ain't this a jolly go? Soon as I found out 'twasn't no fake, I jawed at that kid doctor ter go an' tell yer so. 'Tain't no fun ter get bones in place o' holes, an' ceilin' plaster caked on yer legs widout another feller ter go ye one better. You bet it'll hurt like blue blazes 'fore we get there, but that don't cut no ice when there's two on us, an'—" Reddy hesitated, then with a merry wink added: "An' I say, Micky, when we do get legs, let's make the alley howl! We won't git made

over fer nothink, bet yer life on that, will we?"

And Micky, rousing from his peaceful dreams of sunsets, meadows, and running brooks, seen in earlier days, smiled assent; then lay in quiet happiness, awaiting the issue of his destiny.

A MILLINERY OPENING

A MILLINERY OPENING

"WELL," said Louise, drawing a bit of paper from her pocket, "here is the memorandum I have made, and as nearly as I can see, we can do the whole thing for thirty dollars—carpet, paper, and all—or for forty at the very outside. Now listen while I read the list," she added, then read aloud her itemized account of details to wide-eyed Helen, to whom her sister's decisive actions were always a revelation.

"There!" said Louise, looking up triumphantly. "Isn't that well planned? You see, the whole sum, leaving a margin for incidentals, is thirty dollars, and I believe we could make it just as well as not."

"It is a great deal of money," said Helen doubtfully—she could never jump to the enthusiasm of a colossal plan as Louise could.

"I don't exactly see how we two alone could make it, though of course it would be perfectly lovely if we only could. But where would our materials come from? And do you suppose mother would approve of our doing it?"

Louise puckered up her eyebrows in a tremendous frown. When one is very much excited over a scheme it is rather trying to be opposed, and she looked disturbed at Helen's words.

"I don't *think* anything about it," she said majestically, "I *know!* If I were so faint-hearted I wouldn't confess it for anything! Do you think mother wants us to tie our talents up tight in napkins? Why do you suppose I was given a taste for trimming hats, if it wasn't so I could take care of mother when she was sick? Of course we ought to do it. I know she would approve. It isn't as if we were going to take bread out of some poor girl's mouth by doing it. That old sanatorium has eaten up all mother's money, and I don't think she ought to come

back to the dingy room where she was sick so long. She hasn't anybody but us to take care of her, and I am going to. If you don't want to help, you needn't!"

Louise was always queenly when she was provoked, her eyes were so large and her cheeks so red. Helen looked admiringly at her, and answered meekly:

"Of course, if it is decided, I will help all I can, but——"

"There isn't any but," said Louise with decision. "We must make up our minds that it can be done, and that we *will* carry it through. Now the question is, how to get money to buy our materials."

"How much will it take?"

"Fifty dollars, I think, if we have any sort of stock."

"Fifty dollars! Why, that's more than we need to make!"

"Of course it is," said Louise with a very superior air. "Much you know about business! You have to take risks to make anything. Any man will tell you that. That

does not trouble me. What I want to know is, where to get the money."

Helen twisted a wisp of hair between her thumb and finger—a sure sign that her thoughts were busy—and was silent for some time, while Louise was figuring with paper and pencil.

"I have it, I have it!" Helen cried, so suddenly that Louise dropped her pencil in surprise; "Judge Emory is the person! He loves mother and is fond of us. I am sure he will do it."

Louise beamed. "Exactly the man. How did you ever think of him? We will tell him all about it, and give him a signed paper for security if he wants it; for it will be only a loan, of course."

"Suppose we can't ever pay him?" suggested Helen dubiously.

"Pooh!" said Louise. "We will! Come on! Let's go right away and see him now."

Louise flew for her hat, in her own impulsive way, found Helen's too, tossed it to her, piled up the books from which they had

been studying, and away they went, arm in arm.

A word of explanation while they are gone. After Mr. Haye's death, as Mrs. Haye did not feel equal to the expense of keeping up the large house, Mrs. Smith leased it, turned it into a boarding-house, and the Hayes remained in two sunny front rooms as boarders. And it was well that matters were so arranged, for not long after Mrs. Haye gave way to nervous prostration, a result of the strain of her husband's long sickness, and was obliged to go to a sanatorium, where she had been for six months. They would have been dreary, lonesome months for the girls if they had not been in the care of such a motherly soul as Mrs. Smith. As it was, it had been hard enough for them both; but bright, resolute Louise had shouldered all the burdens of care and responsibility and kept Helen happy and contented.

Now there had come a letter from Mrs. Haye saying that on the day before Christ-

mas she would be again at home, and it was this letter which led to the making of their plans.

Ever since she could remember, Louise had shown a marked talent for millinery, and had trimmed the hats of her relatives, friends, and *protégées.* Given a plain round frame and simple trimming, her knack could transform them into a dainty creation for the head. It was no wonder that every one said to her:

"Well, you certainly ought to be a milliner!"

And so, as she cast about for ways and means by which to transform her mother's room from its dingy, worn-out state into freshness, the idea had come to her—hats! Just the thing! And in her characteristic way, she had first seen the paperer, found out the cost of what she wished done, thought it all out, and said, "I'll do it!" with a decision that no obstacles could daunt.

Judge Emory received the girls with a hearty welcome, for they were great favor-

ites of his; as, indeed, they were with almost every one—they were so bright and wholesome, with none of the airs which many girls of fifteen and sixteen affect. Louise carefully laid the scheme before the old gentleman.

"It is an immense amount, we know," she said seriously. "But really, judge, we will do our best to pay it back right away, and we will never forget your goodness."

The judge tried his best to suppress a smile that trembled on his lips, but a suspicion of it lingered as he answered gravely:

"Yes, it is a large sum; but for the sake of old friendship, I will try to accommodate you, and I think I will risk it without any security but your word."

Louise clasped her hands with a sigh of relief.

"Oh, we are *so* thankful," she said. "You can't even guess how glad!" as the judge took out some bills and handed her the ten fives. Then Mrs. Emory came in and insisted that they should stay for luncheon.

At the table the great plan was unfolded to her, and she was as interested and enthusiastic as they could wish.

"You see," said Louise, "I couldn't have a bit of pleasure in doing it if it was going to take the living away from any one. But the people whom we shall ask to our sale will not be ones who ever buy hats anywhere but in New York, and besides that, to be perfectly fair and square, I shall go to Miss Foley, tell her all about it, and say that if she thinks we take away any of her custom, and my hats are admired, I will work for her afterward until I make up the loss to her. Isn't that perfectly honorable, Mrs. Emory?"

"I think it is just what your mother's daughters ought to do, my dear," answered Mrs. Emory affectionately. "And I will help you all I can."

This was in the middle of October, and for the next six weeks the girls worked like beavers, out of school hours, getting their materials, planning how to use them, and

arranging all the details. As the hats began to grow under their skilful fingers their interest and pleasure heightened so greatly that had not Mrs. Smith interfered and insisted on fresh air and amusement they would have spent all their time in the beloved workroom.

Louise was forewoman, originating most of the ideas, combining the colors, and doing the outside work, while Helen put in the facings and crown linings, and did it beautifully, too, for she was the pink of neatness in everything she undertook.

An interested friend who was eager that the sale should be a success gave them the idea of making gay bandboxes by covering plain ones with pretty, inexpensive wall-papers. So with all the branches of their business they were well supplied with work.

Mrs. Smith had an unused attic room which she let them use for a workroom, and there as the days went by the pile of filled boxes grew, until—toward the end of November—everything was ready for the sale.

The boxes—pink, blue, lilac, black, and gilt, matching their contents as nearly as possible—were so fascinating to the girls that they could scarcely bear to leave them for meals or sleep, and they counted and fingered them over and over and over.

No one but Mrs. Smith was allowed to see their treasures beforehand, for Louise wished them to burst upon the public as a magnificent whole; so there was no way of knowing whether they would be a success or not, because although Mrs. Smith was loud in her praises, the girls felt that she was probably prejudiced in their favor.

Mr. Smith, who was kindness itself, had little cards of announcement printed to be sent out, which read:

MLLE. LOUISE

requests your presence at her

OPENING!

To be held at 242 Center St., November 25th.

Hats! Bonnets! Novelties!

Suited to all tastes and at lowest prices.

These had to be addressed, and then the girls delivered them during their afternoon walks.

Then came the final stitches and pricing; and the great day was at hand!

Louise was up at sunrise, peering anxiously through the blinds to satisfy herself that it was not raining, but could tell very little about the weather, as there was a thick fog; so back to bed she went, and finally awoke in a blaze of sunshine with Helen shaking her and crying:

"Wake up! Wake up! It is a perfect day, and there are so many things to do!"

The exhibition was to be in their mother's room, where the bed had been taken down, leaving plenty of space for hats and people; and the girls set to work arranging things, giving the bonnets loving little pats of admiration as they came out of their boxes.

Miss Foley, the milliner, had thanked Louise warmly for her generous offer, and, far from seeming provoked about the sale, had offered to lend—not rent, but lend—

frames on which to exhibit the hats; so it was a comparatively easy matter to arrange them.

"I feel just as if they were friends, don't you, Louise?" said Helen, as she held in her hand a dainty evening bonnet of forget-me-nots and silver ribbon. "This one I really *love*, and I shall miss it dreadfully."

"Which is it?" said Louise in her bustling way. "Oh, yes, the forget-me-not one. Here, give it to me. It is just what I want by this black picture hat with feathers."

Louise had no mind for sentiment then, she was knee-deep in business, enveloped in a huge apron—a duster thrown over her shoulder; so Helen put aside her affection for the hats and tried to look upon them as articles of commerce.

"There!" she exclaimed, as Louise gave a last touch to one table. "Those are exactly right! Each brings out the effect of the other. They look stunning!"

There were in all three dozen bon-

A millinery opening.

nets and hats. Some sober bonnets, suitable for older women, trimmed in jets and handsome velvets; a dozen big Gainsboroughs, turned up in coquettish shapes, and made too daring—with their knots of vivid color mixed in with the feathers—for any but picturesque young faces; some walking hats, only ornamented with bands and stiff wings; a few pretty, simple children's hats; and—what the girls were fondest of, and Louise had expended her greatest ingenuity upon — dainty evening bonnets — "holes with ribbon around them," as Helen called them. They were prettiest of all, in silver and gold and softest shades of ribbon, combined with roses and violets and the daintiest aigrets attainable.

"Do you suppose we have asked too much for them?" Helen said dubiously, balancing on her hand one of her particular favorites—made of moss-green twisted velvet and violets. "Eight dollars seems a great deal to pay for this."

"Too much!" echoed Louise. "Why,

Helen Haye, we are asking five dollars less than any milliner would for every one, and the materials cost more than they would have paid, for we got the best. Too much? I guess not!"

"Girls," said Mrs. Smith, looking in at them, "are you ready for people? It is eleven o'clock now."

Helen hastily placed the hat which she was holding, while Louise gave a last whisk of the duster over the polished table, and they hurried out—stopping at the door to note the effect.

"It is perfect!" said Helen.

"Not a single person will come, and it will be a failure, I know!" exclaimed Louise dismally, which remark showed plainly her overtired state. But the doleful prophecy was nipped in the bud by a ring at the bell.

"My heart beats so fast I can't breathe," said Helen. "O Louise, do you suppose it is some one? Quick—take off that apron."

It *was* somebody, and the bell kept on ringing steadily all day. Every one was so

enthusiastic that Louise and Helen were perfectly amazed, and if it had not been for Mrs. Smith's help, I fear they would have forgotten the prices of the hats—they were so excited. Some friends of the girls came out of real interest, others from curiosity; but once there, every one said the same thing:

"How pretty! How cheap! What talent you have! Did you really make them yourselves?" until the girls began to rattle off the answers like machines.

In the morning every one admired and looked, but no one bought, and Louise began to fear that nothing would be sold. But in the afternoon it was quite different; every one seemed determined to buy something, and at six o'clock there was only a single bonnet left on its frame in the deserted room, while in Louise's possession was a list of orders for a dozen more hats, as well as a substantial roll of bills.

"Well," said Mrs. Smith, as the two girls came down into the library, "if that didn't

beat all for a success! I've been telling Charley about it, and he thinks it was wonderful."

"Do you think they bought them because they felt they had to?"

"Indeed, they did not!" Mrs. Smith spoke emphatically. "That's exactly what I was saying. They were all taken with getting so much for their money. I watched them!"

"Well, I am *thankful*," said Helen from the depths of the chair into which she had thrown herself.

"Oh, I am *so* tired!" groaned Louise from the sofa. "But wasn't it jolly? Wasn't it funny? It seems just like a dream. But I'm too tired even to count up what we made."

"I am not," said Mrs. Smith. "Here, give me the paper, child. Of course you are worn out. I knew you would be. I'll reckon it up for you."

She and Helen drew up to the table under the light, and Louise watched them

with drowsy interest. It was so nice to think that it was all over and there was nothing to be done that minute!

"All the bonnets sold for ten dollars a piece, didn't they?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"Eight did, and four for only eight," answered Louise lazily.

Mrs. Smith went on figuring busily and Helen helped her, reading from the list the prices of the hats sold, while Louise listened with half-shut eyes. Finally they had it all down.

"Now let's add it up and see what it makes," said Helen eagerly, and Mrs. Smith read aloud:

"8 bonnets at $10.00.....$80.00
4 bonnets at $8.00..... 32.00
6 hats at $10.00..... 60.00
6 plain ones at $5.00..... 30.00
4 children's hats at $6.00.... 24.00
8 theater bonnets at $8.00... 64.00"

Then Helen gave a scream.

"O Louise, Louise, quick! Come here

and see what it makes! Do you see? Do you think it can be true? $290.00! Why, I never thought of such a thing!"

Louise's sleepiness was gone! She was at the table in a flash, staring at the paper with the figures on it.

"Why, yes," she said slowly; "$290.00! It is actually true. Oh! oh! oh! Isn't it too delicious? Just think of all we can buy, even after we pay up! You dear, blessed creature!"

Louise seized Helen around the waist and whirled her around and around the room until—breathless—they were obliged to drop into the nearest chairs, Louise gasping:

"Either—they—were—very—kind, or — else — our — talent — is good—for — something!"

"I think it was a little of both," said Mrs. Smith. "Come to tea, children, you must be fainting away."

Such fun as it was, seeing the look of surprise on Judge Emory's face when they

repaid him his loan and told him of their success. But a greater delight than that was buying the pretty new furnishings for the room and transforming it. In the matter of carpets and furniture they asked Mrs. Smith's help, not feeling competent themselves to judge of the quality, and their taste—combined with the older woman's judgment—made all their purchases successful.

Of course people had asked the reason for the sale and been interested in the object of it, and to several friends whom they knew well the girls showed the room after the very last touches had been completed.

"Now, when I fill my orders," Louise explained to Mrs. Emory, "we shall have enough money to buy wines and hothouse grapes and any delicacies that the doctor may order when mother needs them. It will be so lovely to feel that we can really show her how glad we are that she is back!"

"So lovely, dear, that you may be

tempted to keep on with it. It seems plain that it is your vocation."

Louise shook her head. "That will be just as mother thinks best," she said. "And it depends on how well she feels, too. I think she would rather have me keep on with my studies for a while longer. But it is so nice to know that I have something to turn to if we need it, isn't it?"

"Indeed it is, dear." Mrs. Emory looked admiringly at the bright face before her as she spoke. "No girl should be without a resource. I am proud of you both." The childless woman passed out with a smile that turned to a sigh as she thought of Mrs. Haye's wealth in having two such daughters.

It was Christmas eve when Mrs. Haye found herself once more at home, with her girls quite matured and changed, but dearer than ever as they hung over her, smothering her with caresses. None of them could say much in those first hours; their feelings were too deep and real for noisy demonstra-

tion, but all their faces reflected what they felt.

"You will not mind, will you, Mamsie dear?" queried Louise, looking lovingly up into the dear face, so long absent; "you won't mind sleeping in our room, just for to-night? Your room has been cleaned, and it will not be ready for you until to-morrow."

"I mind nothing, dear, so long as I am with my girls again."

"It was just like a toothache all the time, only I did not know it until I saw you, you precious old darling!" cried Helen, snuggling up closer to her mother as she spoke.

That night the girls spent in an unused third-story room, but they slept very little; they were too much excited for such a commonplace thing as sleep. Finally, however, it came, and it seemed only a minute later when they were awakened by their mother's voice beside them calling:

"Merry Christmas, girlies!"

Then the joy of it all came over them that it was not a dream, but a blessed reality; that they were motherless no longer; that the sale was over and the surprise near at hand.

They did not waste much time over breakfast, although it was a holiday one with an extra touch of niceness, for they could hardly wait to give their present. They began hurrying up and down stairs so many times and with such an air of having important business on hand that Mrs. Haye retired to the library to await developments, wondering what they were doing.

Presently they came flying in with rosy cheeks and eyes sparkling with excitement.

"Now," said Louise as she fastened a sprig of holly in her mother's dress and Helen put one in her hair, "now, Mamsie, we will escort you to your room." Louise's voice fairly trembled as she put her mother's arm through hers.

At the landing of the stairs Mrs. Haye paused for breath, and Helen ran ahead and opened a door from which a flood of light streamed out. When she reached the threshold the girls cried out together:

"Merry Christmas, Mamsie! Happy New Year! Bless you every day in the year! Come in and sit down."

On the wall was a paper fresh with a wealth of flowers and garlands; on the floor was a plain olive carpet that gave a warmth of coloring, and on which the furniture showed up well, and in front of bureau and bed lay fluffy white-fur rugs. The white and gold bed had valance and pillow-shams of dotted swiss; the bureau had a pretty new lace covering; an enameled screen with silk curtains hid the wash-stand from sight; a divan running the length of the bow-window was covered with cheery cretonne and piled with cushions, and beside it stood a low table, holding a work-basket and a vase of spicy carnations; while on the walls hung several framed flower studies; and in the

fireplace—long unused—crackled a wood-fire on bright andirons.

Mrs. Haye advanced a step into the room, caught her breath, looked around her in a dazed sort of way, and then at the girls' beaming faces.

"I do not understand—quite—" she said. "What does this—where did—I mean—what has happened?"

In a second the girls were hugging her, and had her seated and put in her lap a bandbox.

"It was Santa Claus who did it all," said Helen roguishly. "He came down your chimney, and no sooner had he seen how dingy your room was than—presto, change! He left this box and note for you."

Louise untied the knot—for her mother's fingers refused to do it—and out of the box Mrs. Haye lifted a handsome bonnet.

"There! That is the note and the explanation in one," cried Louise, dancing

around her. "That is who, what, when, where, and why! Your own little worthless daughters did it, Mamsie dear, to show you what they could do—and the whole room is made out of——"

"Hats," interrupted Helen, eager for a word.

"Isn't it pretty? Don't you like it?"

"I chose the paper because you love wild flowers."

"And I made all the cushions myself——"

"O Mamsie, *do* you like it?"

They were both talking at once now, and they broke off and looked expectantly at their mother.

Not a single word said Mrs. Haye, and an anxious frown began to gather on Louise's face. Had all their work been for nothing? Was she displeased?

Over each detail of the room, from ceiling to floor, roved the mother's eyes again —as if trying to fix it in her mind as a verity. Then suddenly—she gathered the girls

in such a tight embrace that her face rested on the two glossy heads.

"Little women!" she murmured, pride and joy shining in her eyes and choking her voice. "Blessed, darling little women! I *am* rich indeed!"

OTHELLO, JR.

OTHELLO, JR.

It was a year since the formation of the Seaville Shakespeare Society, and the anniversary was to be celebrated with an unusually fine meeting.

The club members worked busily all the morning in the old barn, until it was transformed into a homelike clubroom. Flags were draped across the haymows, strings of lanterns were hung over the wide path leading from the front door, and in the carriage-room beyond, the vehicles, decorated with gay rugs and comfortables, were ranged against the wall as seats for the members. The stalls were also draped, and on the wall hung a large engraving of Shakespeare. In the center of the carriage-room stood a table holding a lamp and the club-books, while the president's seat, which was a sleigh, gor-

geously draped with turkey-red, was placed by the farther end of the table.

"Pretty fine, isn't it?" Hal Griffith dismounted from a step-ladder and stood, hammer in hand, admiring the festive scene.

"Fine—I should say so!" answered Eliot Graves, while Mabel Wright and Alice Griffith exclaimed, "Perfectly lovely!" and Mabel added in her quiet way: "Dear old Shakespeare, doesn't he look sweet, all dressed up so? Bless him!"

"He looks like what he was, 'a scholar, and a ripe and good one,'" said Hal enthusiastically, turning toward the door as he spoke, and exclaiming, with a surprised little whistle:

"Halloa, young man, who are you?"

In the doorway stood a small negro, his hands deep in his ragged pockets, and his bright eyes eagerly glancing at all that he could see; not in the least abashed by the size of the audience staring at him.

"I'se Mose Jenkins, an' my ma wash clo'es fur yo' ma," he announced, adding,

"I want ter come in!" With which statement he proceeded to seat himself tailor fashion on the floor, and look around him.

"Dis yere's a mighty fine show," he announced coolly. "Gwine ter hab a cake-walk?"

Mabel and the Myers giggled, but Hal answered soberly: "No, not exactly. It is the meeting of a club in honor of a man whom we are very fond of, William Shakespeare, a great dramatist. Did you ever hear of him?"

Mose shook his woolly head. "Nebber knowed no grammatist. Mus' be mighty fine gemman ter hab dis yere. He lib in dese parts?"

Hal was laughing so hard that Alice had to answer.

"No," she said. "He died long before you were born."

"How missy knows? I'se mighty ole nigger!" Mose's eyes were twinkling with delight at having a discussion with such a pretty lady.

"Well," said Alice severely, "I know because I do, that is how, Mose, and you don't look as if you were more than a hundred years old."

Mose chuckled, watching her admiringly as she continued.

"Shakespeare wrote some very wonderful plays, and for years and years people have been acting them. Do you know what that is?"

The little fellow nodded. "I reckon!" he said. "I'se done acted heap o' time. I'se run away ter see minstrel show, an' den I hab 'em in de woods and sing an' dance awful libely. Missy like ter see me dance?"

Up he got, and began a regular plantation breakdown, with all the most approved shuffles and contortions, doubling and twisting as if he were made of india-rubber, at the end of which performance he sank down, breathless, while Hal remarked:

"But you haven't told us yet why you came down here without being asked, Mose."

Mose rolled his eyes. "Fotched de shirts home fo' yo' ma, an' I seed missies totin' flowers, an' follered 'em. It's no fun home. Nothin' 'cept littl' niggers 'round. It's mighty fine yere!"

This was said very wistfully, but no one paid any attention, for just then the dinner bell was heard in the distance, and all were hungry after their hard work. There was a general rush from the barn, but the small negro did not move, and Hal, who was impatient to shut the door, said severely: "Come along, Mose, your time's up."

The boy's lip quivered; he caught hold of Alice's dress and looked up pleadingly.

"Please, missy," he teased, "kin I come to de party? I'se crazy ter fin' out 'bout de minstrel man!"

Alice glanced at Hal. "May he?" she asked. "I don't see what harm he would do." But Hal was firm.

"Let a colored boy come where our own mothers wanted to and weren't let? Not much!" But seeing the boy's real disap-

pointment he added kindly: "I'm sorry, little chap, perhaps some day you can come to a meeting!" And Alice patted him on the head, adding: "And I'll go to see you very soon. Tell me where you live."

"Down Thompson's lane in de little red house." Mose's voice was almost sulky, but Alice appeared not to notice it.

"Oh, yes," she said cheerily, "I know. Well, you will see me there soon. Good-by!" And off she and Hal went toward the house, leaving Mose turning around and around on his bare heels in the dusty road and looking very wistful.

The Griffiths had been brought up on Shakespeare, and in their home his characters were just as much real persons as were Washington, Mary, Queen of Scots, or the Old Testament heroes. All four of the children had a decided taste for acting, and when they were scarcely old enough to understand the meaning of the words they were repeating, would gather in the garret and go through whole scenes from the

Shakespeare plays, dressed in costumes improvised by an interested mother. By degrees they inspired their friends with a like interest, and at last eight new actors had joined the garret troupe, who acted the scenes they had studied with an *abandon* and fire which many older actors lack. Enthusiasm having reached its highest pitch, the natural result was a Shakespeare club, with blue-satin badges and frequent meetings, and during the year of its existence the club had been an immense success. Hal, being the senior member, was president, with Mary Watkins for secretary, while among the other members were the two Myers boys, George and Harry, who always wanted to take funny parts; Mary Sinclair; shy Estelle Hardy; Eliot Graves, a very dignified fellow, who loved tragic rôles, and as Hamlet was the star of the group; Ralph and Edith Sewall, next-door neighbors of the Griffiths; sweet little Mabel Wright; and the other three Griffiths, Amy, Walter, and Alice, the last really an unusu-

ally good little actress in whatever rôle she took.

Promptly at eight o'clock on the anniversary evening they marched into the barn where the rows of lanterns threw fantastic shadows into the corners and over the hay. They filed in two by two, the president leading, brilliant in his gown of scarlet and white. Solemnly he mounted his seat, while the others arranged themselves in the row of boxes. Then with a rap of his baton the meeting came to order. The secretary called the roll and read the report of the last meeting, after which she announced that there would be a speech by the president, who rose slowly, adjusted the folds of his gown, cleared his throat, and began:

"Ladies and gentlemen, fellow members with me in the greatest living troupe of Shakespearian actors [great applause], we are gathered here to celebrate the birth of our club, which took place just twelve months and three hours ago, to be strictly accurate. Since then, and I say it mod-

estly, we have become famous. We have never missed a regular meeting, have allowed no other pleasures to interfere with the club work, and have done all in our power to interest others in our great master and his work. We have acted parts of many of the most famous plays, thus adding to the intelligence of the community, and from association in our charmed circle many intimacies have been brought about, which would have seemed impossible. For instance, Shylock and Queen Katharine are often to be found studying algebra from the same book, Portia and Julius Cæsar enjoy frequent bicycle rides together, while Cardinal Wolsey and Cleopatra are bosom friends. [Laughter and applause.] This state of harmony and good-fellowship, dear friends, was not brought about even in Shakespeare's own time, when these characters had no affinity whatever. So we may without conceit render honor where honor is due, and be proud of ourselves—" [Applause and cries of "Hear! Hear!"] And

Hal continued, with a flourish of his decorated arm: "Now, friends, we have a glorious page of history behind us, let us go from glory unto greater glory and make the new year add not only to our fame, but to that of our great honorary member, William Shakespeare. Three cheers for him, friends! One, two, three—now!"

Through the rafters and corners of the big old barn echoed prolonged cheers; after which Hal announced that the meeting was open for discussion as to what play should be given for a grand public ending of the season.

He sat down, and Eliot Graves at once suggested giving Julius Cæsar.

"Oh, no," Alice said quickly. "Let's have Romeo; that is simply lovely to act."

"I think the Merchant of Venice would be much better," said Edith Sewall, but Hal shook his head. "There are too many characters in it; but for that matter, so there are in all of the plays."

"I tell you what," broke in George

eagerly, "why not have parts of several plays? That will give us each a chance to shine in our crack rôle, and won't be half so hard, for we can take just one act, or a scene, as we choose."

This idea met with instant approval, and was decided upon at once. Mary then suggested that the performance be given in a clearing in the woods to the right of the barn. It was a regular little amphitheater, closed around by fragrant pines, carpeted with their needles, and would seat a much larger audience that the house or barn.

"Oh, won't it be ideal!" exclaimed Edith impulsively. "With the birds and the clouds—so Shakespearian!"

"Particularly if it happens to be a rainy day, or damp, and the mosquitoes are in trim for a picnic!" said George, adding dramatically: "Is it a dagger that I see before me? Nay, man, 'tis but a venomous skeet!"

All were laughing at his action and expression, when a noise as of some heavy thing falling came from above. Then there

was a groan, a chuckle, a smothered scream from beneath a pile of sliding hay, and a small black figure shot out to the edge of the haymow and clutched wildly at the side-beam.

"Mose!" was the general exclamation, as the boys ran to his rescue, for the small negro was still in imminent danger of falling. Scrambling up over the hay, George and Eliot crawled out to the edge, captured the one foot sticking up through the hay, and by it dragged the intruder back to safety.

"You young rascal, you!" exclaimed George as they jumped down and shook the hay out of their clothes. "Come along and explain this!" He tried to say it severely, but Mose must have seen the little smile lurking around the corners of his mouth, for he followed his rescuers with a merry grin, saying with a chuckle, "Mos' fell on de gemmens' haids!"

"Indeed you did, and I don't think you deserved to be caught. Did you forget I said you could not come?" Hal spoke in his

most impressive, presidential manner, and Mose answered sheepishly:

"Yes, massa, I 'members. I'se feelin' terribul sorry, 'deed I do, but yo' see it's so fine yere dat, clar ter goodness, I can't stay home. I'se hangin' roun' de do', an' de winder wuz up"—here Mose laughed with pleasure at his own recital; "in I clim', an' I sez, young massa he so kin', he let Mose sit on de hay an' year 'bout de minstrel man. Den de cheerin' done shake de roof mos' off, an' clar ter goodness, it mos' shake me down on de gemmens' haids!"

Thoroughly pleased with his explanation, and with himself, Mose looked around at Alice for approval, adding:

"Please, missy, kin I be in dis yere club? I'se mighty handy, I is."

"Why, Mose," answered Alice, "you don't deserve it, do you? Suppose you had a party and I should go when you didn't want me, how would you feel?"

Mose smiled. "Dar wouldn't nebber be no party w'ere Mose wouldn't want missy,

an' dat's de trufe!" he said so gallantly that a titter went around the room, and Alice had to bite her lips to keep from laughing.

"Well," she said, "that is very kind of you, but you see this was different. We didn't want you here. Now are you sorry that you were so rude?"

"Yes, missy." Mose's tone was that of a penitent, and Alice followed up her advantage, adding hastily, "And you won't ever do it again?"

This was too much. For a moment Mose evaded her glance, then he looked at her squarely and said boldly:

"Better not leab de winder up; I'se powerful lonesome, an' dat's de trufe!"

Alice and Hal exchanged glances, and Hal's face expressed admiration for the little fellow's candor.

"All right, Mose," he said gravely. "We are greatly disappointed in you; that is all. Nice boys don't sneak in like that. Miss Alice thought better of you."

This last sentence had the desired effect. After an evident struggle with himself Mose began to twist around on his toes, and finally said:

"I'se not comin' no mo'." He looked so dejected, however, that Alice's tender heart could not bear it, and she whispered to Hal, who said:

"So long as you are sorry, Mose, and won't do it again, you may sit down now for the rest of the meeting; but don't make any noise."

Mose's face was instantly a broad smile from the tip of one black ear to the other. "Massa's mighty good!" he exclaimed, dropping into his favorite position on the floor, from which he never moved during the remainder of the meeting, and even when it had adjourned it was with great reluctance that he betook himself homeward. When he was really out of sight at last, there was a shout of laughter.

"If he isn't the greatest!" said Eliot. "A regular young sticking-plaster."

"Well," said Edith, "if I am not mistaken, he is a pretty bright young man. I watched him when we were all talking, and he seemed as intelligent as could be; in fact, I've taken a great fancy to his majesty!"

"Why not elect him a member?" said Alice, laughing; "clerk of errands, page, or something of that sort? Just for fun. There will be ever so many odd jobs to be done in connection with the plays. It will be such sport to see how he behaves! Come on, do!"

There was a general demur, but it was quickly overruled by Alice, who generally managed to have matters go as she wished, and when the vote was taken it was unanimous in favor of the new member. Accordingly, the next morning Hal wrote a formal note of invitation addressed to Moses Jenkins, Esq., who celebrated its reception by a series of somersaults, chuckles, and spasms of laughter, after which he set off on a run for the Griffiths. He found Alice and Amy on the piazza, and amused them

greatly by dashing up the carriage drive, bounding up the steps, and grasping Alice by both hands while he exclaimed wildly:

"I'se glad, missy, I'se glad! I'se glad! I'se gwine ter nebber git tuckered out totin' fur yo', 'deed I ain't! W'en's de nex' meetin', missy?"

When told that it was to be on the following day his joy was so great that he was obliged to stand on his head for a few seconds to calm his feelings.

Alice's interest in the little fellow, whose admiration of her was so evident, was deep enough to take her on an exploring expedition to Thompson's lane the very next morning, where she found the little red cabin without any trouble. It stood in a clearing by the roadside, fully a mile from any other building, surrounded on three sides by solemnly impressive trees, and the place presented such an appearance of disorder that Alice's tidy soul revolted from even going up to the door.

But as Mose was not in sight, she picked

her way through the accumulation of milk-cans, babies in soap-box perambulators, and household belongings with which the entire space in front of the cabin was filled, and discovered Mrs. Jenkins doing some washing at the side of the house.

The good-natured-looking woman took her hands out of the suds and balanced them on her broad hips, while she smilingly shook her head in answer to Alice's inquiry for Mose.

"Dunno, miss," she said. "Dat boy he like a flea! Smartest boy eber yo' seed; he read de spellin'-book an' de Bible clean fro! Da he is now! Hello, yo' Mose, yo', yere's de lady dat yo' done talked 'bout all day, come ter see yo'. Step libely now, an' mind yo' manners!"

Through the woods came Mose, whistling shrilly, but at sight of Alice he stopped short and the broad smile of delight which overspread his face more than repaid her for her visit.

For a few moments she attempted to talk

with mother and son, but Mrs. Jenkins led the conversation, a baby fell out of its soap-box, and had to be soothed and played with, so Alice finally proposed that Mose walk home with her, seeing that in no other way could she become acquainted with the boy. He assented to the proposition with alacrity, and as they strolled slowly through the beautiful wood road Alice found it an easy matter to lead him into talking of himself. He was older than he seemed; in fact, was almost fourteen, and for three years had been to the district school, but had been taken out to help at home when his mother had the chills and fever. After that it was felt that his education was complete, and when he begged to go back to school, a few severe "wallopings," as he called them, had reduced him to obedience. With a sparkle of real delight in his eyes, he told how he had mastered fractions, could spell words of three syllables, and had read just enough history to make him hunger for more.

"It's mighty fine w'en dose ole kings an'

stuck-up wite folks gets callin' names an' cuttin' off haids, ain't it, missy?" he said with enthusiasm, adding eagerly: "Mebbe I'se gwine ter fine out mo' 'bout dem some day; I reckon dis yere club's gwine ter make me right pert. You'se got heap o' learnin'!"

When it was discovered where Alice had been she was teased unmercifully about her *protégé*, but she paid no attention to the jokes made at her expense, and went calmly on, laying her plans to help Mose in his eager pursuit of knowledge.

Meanwhile the committee had been hard at work making their program for the festival. Then came the difficult task of assigning parts. Each member scorned the one offered to him or her, preferring another that every one else was sure some other person would take much better. It really seemed as if the matter would never be peacefully settled, but finally Hal came to the rescue, with his ready tact, adjusted the differences, and calmed the excited disputants. For the next four weeks nothing but

costumes and stage matters were talked about or thought of, and at all hours of the day distracted actors were to be met murmuring their lines or reciting to one another for criticism.

It was, of course, a matter of necessity to consult mothers, for there was much finery to be planned and made up. Mr. Griffith was also admitted into the secret counsel as chief adviser. He was by profession an artist, and it had been on account of his failing health that the family had moved from their city home to the farm just outside the well-known resort of Farwell. In this quiet, picturesque spot he had found the rest and change that he needed, but he was not yet working hard again, so he had plenty of time to help the children with his clever ideas and nimble fingers, and being at heart as much of a boy as his sons, entered deeply into the spirit of the affair. Mrs. Griffith suggested that they ask an admission fee and give the proceeds to charity, which suggestion they liked immensely, but could not

come to any decision as to an object. They had all assisted very recently at a Fresh-Air-Fund Fair, and there seemed to be no other charity on which they could agree. So at last they decided to ask twenty-five cents a ticket, and simply state that it was to be used for the charity fund of the club.

Mose proved himself a perfect treasure. He did the odd jobs and errands of the club, sold tickets, and hammered and painted to his heart's content, becoming very proud of the frequent calls: "Where is Mose? Mose, come here! Where *is* that boy?"

Besides doing so many chores, he managed to have time for all of the rehearsals, which were his delight. Hamlet and Othello were his favorite plays, and he became so familiar with their scenes and situations that he frequently retired to the woods and rehearsed them for the benefit of a large audience of birds and squirrels. He asked Alice so many impossible questions about the past and future of the characters that in self-defense she gave him an old volume

of the plays. This he pored over at home until his father threatened him with having to drop his new comrades entirely, after which he was careful to read only when the babies were asleep and the wood-pile was full.

Scenes from six plays were to be given, and as the number of actors was so small compared to the number of parts to be taken, each person was obliged to appear in a variety of rôles, and the actors found it extremely difficult to remember which words went with which play.

The dress rehearsal went badly, very badly indeed. Antony had to be prompted continually, Romeo and Juliet disputed so violently over expressions and gestures that Mr. Griffith had to step in to settle the combat, and worst of all, Walter Griffith, otherwise Othello, had such a sore throat that he could not appear at all, so the prospect for the next day was anything but cheering.

"Oh, dear!" groaned Hal. "Whatever

shall we do? It is going to go all wrong. I know it, and no one will come!"

"And it looks as if it were going to rain in torrents," added Eliot dolefully. Mary drew her face down in imitation of Hal's pathetic expression, as she answered mockingly:

"Yes, it's going to pour and nobody will come and we'll all sit down and cry over it! You old croakers, you, couldn't you be a trifle less encouraging? If it does rain——"

"Which it isn't going to," interrupted Mabel, and Mary added pleadingly: "Come, boys, do smile just once, to show that you haven't forgotten how."

"We have sold a hundred tickets, and those people will be sure to come," said Estelle sagely. "It is going to be a grand success—I feel it in my bones!"

"Good luck to your bones," said Eliot, smiling in spite of himself. Then he and Hal went off, looking a little less mournful.

The next morning they were up and hard at work so early that they could not tell

whether the day was going to be pleasant or not, but the sun soon decided the question by coming out red and full, the clouds disappeared, and every one began to feel encouraged and in a good humor. Walter worked bravely until after breakfast, when he suddenly disappeared and was found hastily retiring, announcing that "if all the plays in the world went to smash, he couldn't sit up another minute," which statement, made by plucky Walter, showed that he must feel pretty sick. Consternation was visible on every face, as the troupe hurried off to the barn to talk it over.

"Well," said Hal, after a half-hour of fruitless discussion, "there really isn't anything to do but to leave the whole scene out. It is hardest for Walter, poor chap! Come on, we had better begin to get ready for the other acts. It is almost noon now."

Just as they were filing sadly off Mose appeared. He had been to the woods, and his arms were filled with boughs and clematis vines to decorate the stage.

"I say, Mose, what do you think?"

Hal's voice was so doleful that Mose stared at him.

"Othello is sick in bed; it's a light case of tonsillitis, mother says, and we can't have his act at all. How is that for hard luck?"

Dropping his burden, Mose put his hands in his pockets and exclaimed sympathetically, "Sho' nuff, massa!" Then, quick as a flash, he turned a somersault, bounded over to Alice, and fairly pulled her toward the house.

"Come quick, missy," he said pleadingly. "I'se gwine tell yo' somefin. Come, missy, come!" And Alice allowed herself to be led to the house, where she listened to the tale that he poured out in an eager torrent of words, while the others went back to work.

When he finished Alice's eyes were bright with excitement, and she brought her mother, whose patient was now asleep, to join the consultation. Mrs. Griffith, after

asking a few questions, seemed as pleased and eager as Alice.

"Good!" she said. "Capital! It will give the audience a hearty laugh."

She had scarcely finished the sentence before the excited couple were out on the lawn again, talking hard and fast to the group gathered around them.

From that moment the drooping spirits of the company revived. Mose flew here and there with the rapidity of a top, Mrs. Griffith hastily made changes in a many-colored costume, and then came the last flurry of preparation.

In the grove a wide curtain had been stretched before the stage from one tree to another; from the left, side curtains made an exit into the woods behind, while to the right, by means of hangings, a covered way had been made to the barn dressing-rooms.

Almost all of the seats were filled, when the sound of a horn was heard and a drag came in sight, filled with a gay crowd of strangers from Farwell. They laughed and

jested as they dismounted, and evidently considered the whole affair a huge joke. Behind the drag came a succession of small vehicles from which so many people alighted that Hal, who was looking through a crack in the barn door, grew cold with fright.

"Where can they all sit?" said Mrs. Griffith nervously, but her husband reassured her. "There are plenty of rugs when seats give out," he said, adding: "Come now, my actors, do your prettiest for the honor of Shakespeare!"

First on the program came a scene from Julius Cæsar, and when the curtain rose, disclosing a painted thoroughfare with the Roman forum in the distance and in the foreground the murmuring crowd of Roman citizens, there was a burst of applause, which so encouraged the actors that they started off with flying colors.

The majestic speech made by Eliot as Brutus when the body of Cæsar is borne on the stage was well received, and when Hal as Marc Antony ended his famous harangue,

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears," the clapping was loud and continuous, while the hot and breathless gentlemen in togas departed to the barn to receive congratulations while they helped set the next scene.

In it Estelle made an irresistible Juliet, her gown of clinging white mull showing her plump arms and neck, and with her hair floating like soft clouds about her, as she leaned from her balcony, at times almost upsetting the step-ladder on which she was perched. Ralph as Romeo wooed her with firmness and persistency, and Juliet grew tenderer and sweeter, holding her audience quite spellbound until the curtain fell.

Next came a scene from Henry VIII with Alice as Queen Katharine; then the Myers appeared as Pyramus and Thisbe. This was their great act which made the hearers weep with amusement and applaud so vigorously that the actors wanted to give it again, but Mr. Griffith was firm. "Better

give them too little than too much," he said.

So the castle interior was put up once more, while Eliot hastily transformed himself into Hamlet. This was a part which he was passionately fond of acting, and his only regret was that there was time to give but the one short scene. Mary, however, as Ophelia, was so badly frightened that she was only too thankful when it was over and the applause told her that she had not spoiled the effect by her mistakes, as she had feared.

Following this scene came a brief intermission, during which the actors clustered around Mrs. Griffith, who was busily transforming Moses Jenkins, Esq., into Othello, the Moor of Venice, by means of gay draperies and an impressive head-dress, Mose assuming such an air of lofty and solemn importance, that he seemed to grow taller by the minute. The effect of the vivid draperies was to throw into sharp relief the little black face, and the small Moor under the

combined weight of his very heavy headdress and his great dignity was a comical sight to behold.

"Isn't he the cutest, blackest thing?" exclaimed Alice rapturously, as she joined the group, in her Desdemona costume, while Mrs. Griffith said hurriedly to Mose, "If you forget, just look at me and I will prompt you."

But Mose turned to her with a glance of withering scorn. "*Sho!*" was all he said, but the monosyllable was most expressive.

One moment more and the curtain rose, disclosing the Venetian council room with Ralph in duke's costume and Eliot as a senator seated by the table, while Hal as Brabantio stood, Othello beside him. The scene was very picturesque, as Mr. Griffith had taken great pains with the coloring, and the audience were so absorbed in noting the general effect that not until Othello stepped forward to confront his accusers did they appreciate the humor of the situation. With

a stately bow of mingled defiance and meekness, Othello began:

"Mos' potent, grave, and reverend signiors——"

There was a sudden spasm of surprise visible among the colored portion of the audience, while Mrs. Jenkins gave one wild chuckle, "It's Mose! it's *Mose!*" then contented herself with nodding to right and left like a mandarin and giving occasional quick bounces from her seat. The other spectators listened with flattering stillness while the sonorous sentences rolled from the little black lips in unmistakable negro dialect, but with a force and spirit which showed that the boy was for the time far removed from his own identity. He fairly poured out his words in the eloquent phrases—mindful of rhythm and expression—to such a degree that the other actors exchanged quick glances of joy and pride.

The other parts were well taken, but no one paid any attention to them. Othello was the hero of the hour. When he stood

Othello, Jr.

beside Alice as Desdemona, gazing at her with rapturous devotion, her fairness emphasizing his blackness, and her musical voice in sharp contrast to his thick one, the audience were enchanted with the tableau, and at the end of his farewell speech there were such shouts of applause that to the eager group behind the scenes it seemed as if Booth himself could not have had a greater ovation.

Finally, in response to repeated calls Desdemona and Othello came before the curtain, Desdemona's eyes brilliant with excitement, her cheeks like peonies, as she made a little speech.

"My friends," she said, "we are very grateful to you for giving our performance such warm appreciation, and we wish to tell you that the part of Othello was to have been taken by Mr. Walter Griffith. When, on account of his illness, we had decided to give up the scene, Mr. Moses Jenkins, who is the junior member of our club, and who had been present at our rehearsals, kindly vol-

unteered to take the part at four hours' notice, and rendered it as you have seen it, with but one hurried rehearsal."

Here the audience shouted and stamped and applauded with all their might, and Alice continued:

"Under the circumstances we feel sure of your interest in this member of our club, and also in the decision to which we have just come, that, if he continues to be as faithful in the future as he has been in the past, and if his desire for knowledge does not grow any less keen that it is at present, Othello, Jr., will in the future represent our club at Hampton, where his education will be the result of our work from year to year. In this way he may have the chance not only of becoming an intelligent citizen, but of fitly justifying his title of junior member of the Seaville Shakespeare Society."

While Alice spoke Othello had never for an instant ceased looking at her, but his eyes grew larger and larger, and before she had ended her last sentence, he was dancing

round and round her like a small whirlwind, shouting, "Say, missy, say! Is dat de trufe? Is I gwine ter hab schoolin' in a place yo' pa done tole me 'bout? Say, missy, is I? Is—I? Is—I?"

With each word he grew more wild, and his mother's pride rebelled against such antics in public. Rising, she stamped her foot and waved her hand imperiously.

"Shet up, yo' Mose, yo'," she commanded. "Min' yo' manners or yo'll git walloped."

The maternal voice brought Mose down to the real facts of life with a cruel jerk, and he became conscious that there were people watching him. He slunk behind Alice in a crestfallen manner, and would have darted off the stage, if she had not held him there until the applause stopped and the smiling audience began to rise. Then as he and Alice walked back to the barn, he grasped her hand tightly with a solemn little smile. "I'se mighty glad!" he said, and she knew that he meant it.

That evening as they all sat together on

the piazza, they were a very tired and subdued party, with the one exception of Mose, whose spirits were apparently inexhaustible. He whistled, he sang, he danced, he stood on his head until he was forced to sit down for a moment to catch his breath.

"Fifty dollars—only think of it! It seems too good to be true! It certainly was a great, glorious, smashing success!" Hal was saying.

"It certainly was," answered Eliot happily, "and such jolly fun, too! The only thing I am afraid of is, that some of our mistakes would have made Shakespeare turn in his grave if he had heard them."

"Well," said Mary, with her usual happy philosophy, "we surely did the best we knew how, and that's all any one can do!"

For a moment there was no sound except the whirr of the crickets and distant tree-toads; then every one smiled, as the stillness of the summer evening was broken by a heavy snore.

Mose, worn out at last with the excite-

ment of the great day, had fallen asleep, as quickly as he did everything, with his head pillowed on the corner of Alice's dress.

Gently she laid her hand on his woolly head, and turning, he murmured in his sleep:

"Mos' potent, grave, and reverend signiors—I'se mighty glad!"

JAMES BARKERDING, KNIGHT

JAMES BARKERDING, KNIGHT

QUEEN BARKERDING was only a little girl, with the brightest of snapping black eyes and the curliest of black hair. She had a round, merry face, although she never felt the fresh air on it as other girls do, except when her brothers made a chair of their arms and carried her to the window or out on the fire-escape platform, but this was not often, for it hurt her back so badly.

Her real name was Emma Christine, but she had been called Queen for so long that every one but her mother had forgotten that she had another name.

It had come about in this way. One day, when she and several of the other girls were tired of all their old games and were trying to think of a new one, an idea came to

Emma Christine. Clapping her hands, she cried:

"I know, I know! Le's play I'm Queen, an' you be grand ladies, an' do 'xactly what I say!"

"An' play have lots of lovely clothes, an' parties, an' make bows to you, an' say, 'All hail, our Queen!'" added one of the girls who had been reading history.

"An' we'll get gold paper for a crown, an' sing when we put it on, an' do things like they do in books," said another.

"My, won't it be fun!" cried Emma Christine, greatly excited. "That's why I never get up and go out like you do, 'cause, of course, a queen wouldn't be so silly. She'd just sit still and be bowed at."

"Of course," assented the girls; and from that small beginning of a game came the imaginary life with which Emma Christine and her playmates from that time surrounded themselves. The game soon became a second life to them, and the queen a real crowned person, who knew her power

and ruled them all, narrowly escaping being spoiled by the loyal obedience of her subjects.

The boys entered eagerly into the new game, and did everything that the queen commanded; for, crowned or uncrowned, she was a great favorite, which made it much easier for them to take the vow of obedience, which was the one rule of the game.

From an old book the girls learned to call themselves ladies in waiting, and the boys became knights, adding Sir to their names; and in their search for manners and customs to make the game more perfect they learned, too, that as knights and ladies they were the court of the Queen. So the game grew.

It is a fine thing to be a queen—much nicer, of course, than to be just ordinary every-day persons, even though you can not have quite as much liberty as they; and I am sure you will agree with me that Queen Barkerding was very fortunate, though her kingdom was only a ten-by-twelve room on

the fourth floor of a Second Avenue tenement-house, her subjects were only her family and friends, and, while the ladies and knights all went to school and played out of doors, she was obliged to lie still.

Born in a small country town, Queen's first memories were of green grass and trees and sweet-smelling flowers, of smiles on her mother's face, and of merry frolics with her big-boy father. Then came the time when the father's voice was stilled and the mother neither sang nor smiled; and it was after this that they moved to New York, to the rooms on Second Avenue, that the mother might more easily find work by which to support her delicate little girl and the boys. Every day she went early to her place in the paper-flower store; and if the tenement had not been filled with respectable Germans, whose children she was not afraid to have Queen play with, the little lady might have been very lonesome in the long hours; for Jim and Fred, besides going to school, both sold papers, as did most of the knights. But

as it was, Queen was always surrounded by some of her court, the ladies taking turns in tidying up her kingdom and staying with her.

To the ladies she was adviser, comforter, and friend; to the knights she was conscience and manners as well as Queen, and many a knotty question in morals they brought to her to unravel, while in return she made them teach her reading, writing, and arithmetic as they learned them in school.

She was a merry little majesty, as happy as the strongest of her subjects, and this was probably one of the secrets of her power. In all of her short life she had never been able to do as other children did, and it never entered her head to fret because she was unlike them. It was simply a matter of course that her back was not quite straight; why, she did not try to discover. It was to her a beautiful thing that she should be a queen, with so many loving subjects; and, shut in as she was from outer life

and scenes, she lived mainly in a dream-world peopled with gorgeously dressed royal persons whom she ruled. To be sure, the real ones were not elegantly dressed at all; indeed, some of them wore very much patched cast-off clothes; but that was where the magic of the game came in—it changed tinsel into gold, and patches into velvet and ermine.

It was the 1st of March, and a great event was near—the Queen's birthday; and the court was in a wild excitement. There was an air of secrecy about, which made Queen's black eyes snap with anger, for the knights refused to pay any attention to her anxious questions, and the ladies spent their time either whispering with heads together in the corner or in exchanging glances and signs which she did not understand.

"It's some mean old trick you're goin' to play on me, I know," she said indignantly, one day when the whole court were together in her kingdom. "You can't fool me! Some day you'll be very, *very* sorry, 'cause if you

don't look out I'll 'spell you all from court, an' you can't ever come back again. Serve you right, too!"

Jim and Emil Bruger exchanged looks of alarm, for they were both of them barometers, going up or down as Queen smiled or frowned, and just then she looked like a small hurricane. But one of the other knights, Fritz Arme, called out:

"Hi yi! Queenie's mad!
An' I'm glad!
An' I know what'll please her—"

"What?" interrupted Queen, frowning. "If you know, why don't you do it?"

Fritz made no answer, but nudged Jim, and whispered in his ear:

"Make her just boilin' mad. The madder she gets, the more s'prised she'll be."

The whole court took up this idea, and the poor Queen's dignity was sorely tried for a time, but meanwhile preparations for the surprise were coming on finely. It was to be a birthday party which would be dazzlingly elegant, and it was very hard to keep

it from Queen, for her ears were keen and her eyes were all-seeing; but she did not suspect a thing until the day when Jim came up alone, sat down on the end of her bed, and said, trying to look indifferent:

"I say, Queen, s'posin' we'd have a bully big spread, like a real court, you know, and all dress up swell, what'd you choose to eat? Just s'posin' we might get rich, you know—I don't mean we're ever goin' to—but if we did——"

Jim's face looked like a red-cheeked apple when he got through, for he feared that he had clumsily betrayed the secret.

Queen looked at him from under her long lashes, then shut her eyes with a sigh. "Wouldn't it be lovely?" she said. "I'd have ice-cream, of course. It's kind of queer for a Queen never to have ate any."

"'Tain't much good," said Jim. "Fritz had a swaller, an' he said 'twasn't only snow with colors on it. I'd enuff sight rather have gum an' peanuts." But Queen shook her head.

"There's nothing I want like cream," she said, "an' it seems as if it would be awful hard to wait till I get to heaven—I suppose they have it every day there."

Just then Fred's head was thrust in at the door. "Come along, Jim," he said; "you're wanted."

From that minute Queen suspected what was to happen, and she scolded no more at the strange doings of her court, but quietly lay and watched them, not letting them think that she knew, dreaming a new dream.

"It'll be cream, 'cause I said so," she mused. "Then I needn't be 'shamed any more 'bout never eatin' it. Perhaps it'll be pink an' green. How can I ever wait?"

It was the day before the celebration. Everything was ready, and each of the court had a very much thumbed list of eatables promised, which they read over and over, as if it might magically grow longer. Mrs. Barkerding, always interested in the doings of the knights and ladies, and more than usually so in this, because it was to please

her little girl, had promised—magnificent promise!—a quart of ice-cream as her part of the feast; and at the flower-store she had begged a dozen sheets of colored tissue-paper, which were made into flowing capes by cutting a hole in the middle of each for a head to be put through. These clouds of glory were carefully wrapped in a newspaper and put under the mattress of Jim's cot, while the crown and cape, made out of new gold paper, for the Queen, were hidden in one of the ladies' rooms. This is the way the list of the presents read:

Mrs. B., Ice creem.

Sir Jim, Peenuts—one doz. gum.

Sir Fred, One candel. Bottel to put it in.

Sir Emil, A 10 cent cake and candel.

Sir Fritz, 1 doz. jaw-breakers.

Sir Harry, 6 pop corn balls.

Sir Ned, Ginger cakes.

Ladies, Sticks peppermint—2 lemons, paper napkens.

All of us—gold paper.

The ladies could not give as largely as

the knights, because, not earning anything themselves, their share of pocket-money was smaller; but they had given their time, and made all of the capes and the crown, and felt that they had done their share.

"When we get all that together, and the cream too, nobody could want nothin' better, 'cept they asked for the earth," Jim said rapturously when they read the list at their last meeting in Emil's room and compared it with the dainties spread out on the bed.

"Guess she'll most die when she sees the cream," he added, as they carefully put the feast away again, and separated with a few last words and plans.

As Jim stood out in the hall a moment, thinking of the next day's joy, his mother's voice beside him made him look up.

"Jim," she said, "I've bad news for you."

Jim stuck his hands in his pockets, and never moved his eyes from her face.

"Go ahead," he said.

"The rent must be paid to-morrow," she said, "but that would have been all right if

they hadn't cut me down this month on wages. We only knew about it to-day, but work is so slack that they had to do it, they say. Anyway, it will be all I can do, with your paper money to help, to pay for Queen's medicines and meet the rent, without giving you the ice-cream."

Jim's face fell and he gave a gasp.

"Be brave, dear," she added. "There'll be only ourselves disappointed, for Queen doesn't know anything about it. It makes me feel worse than it does you."

And Mrs. Barkerding went on up-stairs quickly, to hide the moisture in her eyes and the tremble in her voice, for to surround her little Queen with comforts and luxuries was her greatest longing, and an almost bitter feeling was tugging at her heart-strings to know that she could not given her even this smallest pleasure.

Jim, meanwhile, below, gave way to uncontrollable anger. He was a fiery little fellow, anyway—very impulsive; and now he was too disappointed to endure it. He

went out and kicked the foundation of the house until he was dizzy, gave a small boy who asked him an innocent question a cuff on the head, and finally strode off in a white heat of rage—not against his mother, but against the whole world.

" 'Twon't be a party—'twon't be no fun—'twon't be nothin' 'thout that; an' Queen'll think it's comin' 'cause I asked her 'bout it. I ain't a-goin'. Wisht I hadn't been such a donkey. Wisht I had all the money that feller has "—as he passed a well-dressed boy, and scowled at him under his hat-brim. Then he tried to count up how much it would cost to buy the cream himself. It would not be possible. His long-cherished quarter had been spent for the peanuts and gum and for his share of the gold paper, and not another cent would he have to spend, even with selling the next day's papers; for, as the man of the family (he was eleven years old), he always turned in what he earned to help with the rent.

That was a sad evening for the court.

The bad news spread quickly, but, though they talked and talked, they could find no way to buy the longed-for luxury, for they had spent their all; so they went to bed with the dreary feeling that, after all, the celebration would be almost spoiled.

Poor Jim! he burned with red-hot rebellion to think that his sister—the Queen, his idol—could not have the grand surprise. In school the next day he missed all of his lessons, and was so inattentive that his teacher asked if he were sick. Jim shook his head and tried to study, but all the letters on the pages were jumbled together, and he could not make himself think. As soon as school was out he started off in the opposite direction from home, with no particular reason except to get as far away as possible from the celebration. He sauntered along, and then it occurred to him to look for a job, but he could find no excuse for one. There was no snow to shovel, no horse to hold; all the stores were full of busy clerks—"an' everybody rich 'cept me!" he murmured.

For a short time he sat in Stuyvesant Square watching the children; but that troubled him, for they all seemed so happy. He saw by the sky that it was growing late, and that it was time for him to go for his stock of evening papers; so off he trudged down to his usual stand for them, and then went over to the Madison Avenue cars, his regular business district; but his sales were not as brisk as usual—he did not seem to shove the other boys aside as forcefully, nor call out as loud as they did.

Getting out of a car, he went down a side street to follow up a possible customer, and as he walked past the side fence inclosing the garden of a large Madison Avenue house, he stopped a minute to peer through the iron pickets of the gate. While he stood there a cart drew up, and the man, with a "Hi, there, kid, clear the road!" jumped down and passed through the gate, carrying what made Jim's eyes grow large, his mouth water, and his fingers ache to clutch—a pail of ice-cream. It was too much for flesh and

blood to stand. Those people didn't need it; they probably had it every day. There it was, left on the stone, right outside the area door. There was not a person in sight on the street, nor in the house, so far as Jim could see; and no sooner had the idea flashed into his mind than he was inside the gate, and before he really knew that he had thought of it, he found himself running down the avenue, carrying the pail, heavy as it was, and his remaining papers.

No one noticed Jim as he hurried along.

His eyes sparkled, he was flushed with excitement. Queen should have her birthday wish. It would all be beautiful, just as they had planned. The court would be so glad, and his mother—well, at the thought of his mother came an uneasy feeling. He felt as if she were looking at him. Oh, dear! he wished he had not thought of her, he was so dreadfully uncomfortable. While his impulse was hot within him he had not thought at all—he had simply acted. He

was cool now, and a voice was saying loudly to him, "Thief! thief!"

The voice must have been in his mind, for there was not a person near him when he turned to look. He remembered once, when he borrowed a marble from one of the boys and was not going to return it, how scornfully Queen had said:

"Stealers can't be in my court. Go give it back!" And he had given it back.

Perhaps she would refuse to eat the cream. Perhaps the court would punish him. Dreadful thought! He set the pail down on the sidewalk and tried to decide what to do. The street-lamps were all lighted, and whatever he did must be done quickly.

"'Twasn't stealin'—'twas just takin'," he said to himself; but louder and louder he heard the voice call "Thief! thief!" and a finger seemed to point at him; while another voice cried "Coward!" and that voice was Queen's.

It was settled—no knight should be

worthy of the name of coward. Up-town he turned again, hurrying as fast as his heavy load would let him. The longer he carried the pail the more ashamed he grew, and he felt as if every one knew that he was not a great knight, but only a common thief.

"If I just put it down in the yard and run, it'll show I'm 'fraid, an' maybe they'll be watchin' and catch me, an' put me in jail; but if I ring the bell an' tell the lady, I won't be a coward."

Obeying this idea, he walked boldly up the broad steps of the great house and rang the bell. The door opened, throwing a flood of light on Jim, who winked and blinked, and almost forgot what he wanted.

"What is it?" asked the elegant gentleman who opened the door.

Jim was sure he must be a real knight, and was greatly awed.

"Could I—might I—I say, I want to see the lady!"

The grave gentleman shook his head and

half closed the door, but catching sight of the ice-cream pail, opened it again.

"Is it the ice you've got? Cook was for 'avin' a fit for fright that it wasn't here. Take it down to the arey, boy. Don't you know nothin'?"

"I know I'm a-goin' to see the lady," said Jim, growing desperate. "'Tis the cream, but 'tain't only that—it's something else; an' please say it's *Sir James Barkerding, the Knight*, that's here."

Jim looked up to see what impression his title made on the gentleman, and it seemed to him that he saw a smile pass over the before grave face.

"Wait," he said, closing the door; and after what seemed a very long time to Jim, he came back. There was a twinkle in his eyes as he announced:

"Mrs. Homer says Sir James can come in."

Carefully removing his hat, and taking up the pail, Jim followed his guide through miles and miles of long rooms, as

it seemed to him, and all of a sudden they came to a room in fairy-land, where there was a table all set with flashing things of which Jim had never heard, and around the table were sitting such beautiful ladies and knights as he had read about. He pinched himself to see if he really were alive, and then he heard a laughing voice say:

"Well, Sir Knight, what is your fair pleasure? 'Tis not often we entertain the peerage—you do us a high honor. Do you propose to share our humble fare?"

"Hush, Maurice, he does not understand —he only knows you are making fun of him," said one of the ladies, the most beautiful of all, Jim thought. She held out her hand to him, and said, with a smile:

"Tell me your business quickly, my boy. You see I am busy."

Every person at the table (and it seemed to Jim there must have been a hundred, but I think his eyes magnified) looked straight at him.

The minute had come. There was no backing out now. Jim cleared his throat.

"I stole your cream out of the back yard," he said. "I'm sorry I stole, an' I ain't a coward, or I'd ha' just put it down an' run. Here 'tis."

Not a person spoke. Jim turned to go, jamming his hat under his arm. Anyway, it was over, and nothing had been said about jail.

You could have heard a pin drop in that room for the space of a second. Then the lady pushed back her chair and went over to Jim's side, laying a soft white hand, all sparkling with lights, on his shoulder.

"I do not see," she said, "how you happened to bring it back. Tell me about it, and how you came to have your title."

Then Jim told by degrees the whole story of Queen and of her court, of his mother's work, of the celebration, and of the temptation which came from his disappointment; and when he had finished he saw such friendly looks in the faces of all the ladies,

and the knights all got up and shook hands with him so respectfully that he felt they were old friends, and that he had always lived in dreamland. He felt so more than ever when the pretty lady handed him the pail of cream just as he had brought it, and a basket full of dainty things that she called cakes, saying gravely:

"Give these to the Queen, dear, and tell her that her brother is a true knight and not a coward. This will be her nicest present." Then following him to the door, she put her beautiful uncovered arms around his neck just as if she had been his own mother, and said:

"*Brave little knight*—never do it again, though! Tell Queen I will see her to-morrow." And before Jim knew it he was out again on the avenue, but feeling—oh, so different! Staggering with his heavy load, he at last reached home and burst into the room, breathless, having left his pail outside the door, just as the last remnants of the feast were disappearing. The Queen

was dressed in the glittering cape and crown, the green, yellow, pink, and blue tissue-paper capes were all fluttering on the ladies and knights, and the table, set right by the throne—Queen's bed—had been gay to look on, but now the candles were burning low in their bottle holders, the lemonade was gone, and most of the ornaments of the table were eaten up. In fact, Jim had come too late.

As he ran in, his mother cried in a relieved tone: "O Jim, where *have* you been—how *could* you worry me so?"

"We waited till we couldn't wait any longer," said Sir Emil severely.

"But you spoiled all the fun, anyway," said the Queen in her most dignified voice. "If I'd been you, I'd have waited till my Queen's birthday was over to act like that!"

"I say," said Jim, "just hold on a minute!" And he said it in such a curiously important tone that they all looked at him and discovered how red his face was. And then, while all the court gathered

around him, with mouth and eyes wide open, he told half of his wonderful fairy story. Then he looked at Queen, whose eyes were as bright as new silver dollars, and he said, with a mournful expression on his face:

"Just to think, Queen, you might have had that cream—'twould have been as elegant as the rest was. I'm awful sorry!"

"I ain't," said Queen, waving her hands majestically. "I ain't. I'd ha' been choked with the old stuff. I hate stealers. Anyway, I don't want some so very much now—it's all been lovely." This was said rather wistfully, and Jim's eyes gleamed.

"You don't, don't you?" In his delight his voice was high and shrill. "Just you wait!" And going out, he dragged in his treasures and set them on the table.

"There, now," he said, "you've *got* to want it. She sent it to you, an' she's comin' to see you to-morrer!"

Then what a hubbub there was! Every one was so excited, and so happy, and it

seemed as if they would drown Jim in a sea of questions.

Mrs. Barkerding brought her lamp and put it on the table, then got clean plates, and the celebration was begun all over again in a blaze of glory, lasting long after the Queen's usual hour for going to bed; but as it was such a very great occasion, her mother had not the heart to say a word.

But to Queen the best part of the whole surprise was after the knights and ladies had all left, with a big cheer for the Queen and for the court, when just her mother and the boys were there, and Jim told the beautiful lady's other message to Queen, while Mrs. Barkerding's face beamed with pride in her boy, who was, after all, so true a knight.

And long after the little room was dark and still, except for the noise in the street below, Queen lay wide awake, living it all over again, and saying to herself with happy satisfaction:

"She's comin' to-morrer—to-morrer!"

SAL: HER STORY

SAL: HER STORY

"No!" she said slowly and emphatically. "No, Sal ain't a-goin'."

"Shut up, kid!" retorted Jerry angrily. "I says yer be, an' there ain't goin' to be no row 'bout it nuther. What I say, I mean, or I take it out o' yer bones. D'ye hear?"

The child did hear most decidedly, for in his rage her brother was fairly shouting; but she stood irresolute, shaking her head, with the toe of one dilapidated boot crossed over the other, which position she occasionally reversed, while she kept her earnest eyes fixed in an odd sort of fascination on Jerry's face.

"Sal wants ter stay here," she announced finally in a low, half-awed tone; "Sal ain't a-goin'."

"Want ter stay here, do yer?" sneered

the man. "Well, so do I want a gold-mine, but 'tain't lyin' round loose. You'll shake that ugly mug o' your'n off ef yer ain't careful. Look here, Sal, no more nonsense. Ef yer didn't choose ter get stuck fer it, what made yer fool with my orgin? Jest put on yer duds at crack o' dawn to-morrer or it'll be the worst fer yer. No more vittles or foolin' with Tip ef yer don't. Come, mind that now!"

Jerry started away, considering the matter settled, but in an instant Sal had flown at him with the fury of a little tiger.

"No! no! no!" she repeated, as she rained blows on his arms, his chest, his hips, anywhere they happened to alight. "Bad man, bad Jerry! Sal *will* stay here—Sal hates Jerry! No, no, I ain't a-goin', I ain't, I ain't!"

There was something in the absolute frenzy of the usually quiet child that changed Jerry's anger into good humor; it amused him, for he was a man who liked to torment anything, whether a fly or a

human being, and he laughed as he shook her off.

"Spunky, ain't ye?" he said roughly. "Stop makin' hash o' me, young wildcat! 'Tain't no good; the more ye kicks the worst fer ye. To-morrer we go. Mind, say yes!"

She did not answer at once, and an evil look came into Jerry's face. Taking her arms and pinning them to her sides with his stronger ones, he stared at her fiercely.

"Say it!" he shouted. "Say yes," and Sal, terrified, could do nothing less. When he had heard her answer Jerry released her and strode off, slamming the door with such force that the whole building trembled.

There were only the two of them, big Jerry and little Sal, for in Sal's recollection there had been no parent to command or caress her, but she did not miss that which she had never known, and was not lonesome for the mother and father of whom she had no memory.

When she began to notice faces, those of the Murphys were around her, for from the

day when the two orphans were left alone in the sixth story back in Mackintyre Court, and Jerry, then a great overgrown fellow of eighteen, had decided to go out and shift for himself, kind-hearted Mary Murphy had taken upon herself the care of the orphan baby, sharing with it since then her scanty fare and crowded rooms as if it had been her own kin. This she did from pure kindness, for the trifling sums of money which Jerry gave her from time to time in no way rewarded her for her care of the child, but to this Jerry paid no heed. If Mrs. Murphy chose to take what he gave her, well and good; if not, it was her lookout, not his, and he was utterly uninterested in the welfare of his small sister. Being an organ-grinder, he found food and lodging wherever he chanced to be, and so came seldom to the court, where his rare appearances were dreaded by every one, particularly by Sal, who was afraid of the large, fierce-looking man who seemed only to live to find fault with her.

But as he was often absent for months at a time, Sal was usually happy. She was an odd little soul, generally speaking of herself in the third person, and of other people and things in as few words as possible. For the rest, she was very homely, with a thatch of straight black hair standing out over her deep-set blue eyes, a queer little snub nose, and a merry twinkle in her eyes, which flashed and danced and sparkled when she was pleased like a pair of will-o'-the-wisps. She was a born cleaner, and loved to sweep or scrub everything that came in her way, dishes or floors or babies, it made no difference so long as she could scour them with soap and water. Small wonder that she was a favorite in the house, for besides keeping the Murphy rooms in the highest state of polish, she devoted her odd minutes to tidying and cleaning for the other women whose work kept them out all day. After the rooms were spotless as she could make them, Sal would turn her attention to the children, whom she amused by the hour at a time with

songs and dances and grimaces, or, when all else failed to please, with her one particular talent, which seldom failed to bring a smile to the most wan little faces.

"Go ahead, Sal, cough for us!" were the first English words which she had understood, and always, at that command, she had been able to bring, apparently from the very bottom of her shoes, a deep, startling cough. This strange ability evidently did not come from disease, for she had never been sick a day in her seven years of life. The cough was clearly only a trick, a habit, or a talent, and it gained for her the name "Coughing Sal," that distinguished her from the other Sals in the house. When she was not amusing babies or cleaning, she was always with Tip Murphy, who, despite being five years older, was her greatest friend, and who took many half-hours from his boot-blacking to be with her. The two had been such fast friends from Sal's babyhood that she was not very intimate with any of the other girls of her own age; that is to say, she rarely

played with them. Tip satisfied her longings, and many an act of mischief was traceable to the two.

So, with her work and her chosen chum, Sal was a happy little girl until the day when it was found out that her talent might have a commercial value; then her innocent content was destroyed, and in this way:

It was on one of the rare nights when Jerry had appeared in the court that the discovery was made. He had pushed his organ into the rear hall of the tenement and gone off, leaving Sal and Tip on the rickety front steps of the building, spelling out with eager interest a story in a battered picture-book which Tip had rescued from an ash-barrel. As Jerry strode away, Tip looked up and hit Sal with his elbow.

"He's left it in there," he said with a chuckle. "Come on, let's get it an' play!"

Sal's eyes sparkled at the idea, but she shook her head.

"I dassn't," she said with decision.

"'Fraid cat!" jeered Tip with scorn.

"What are ye scairt of? He won't ketch us, an' if he does, I won't let him touch ye. Come on!" But Sal still hung back, so Tip, determined to hear the tunes he loved, got up and went toward the organ.

"I'll get it myself, then," he said; "I didn't 'spose ye was sech a ninny!"

That was too much to bear even from Tip, and Sal reluctantly followed and helped him drag the organ from its place, giving sidelong glances to right and left as if she feared to see Jerry spring out from behind a door. But when the instrument was safely set on the pavement and she had begun to turn its handle, fear was forgotten in delight over the strains of her favorite tune:

White—wings—they—never—grow—weary,
They—carry—me—cheerily—over—the—sea;
Night—comes,—I—long—for—my—dearie,
I'll—spread—out—my—white—wings—and—
fly—home—to—thee.

As the notes were slowly ground out, Sal trembled with pleasure, and turned the crank with the greatest deliberation, to

make the tune last as long as she could, at the same time singing the air at the top of her shrill little voice. As the last note died away she sighed, then frowned when she heard the first bar of the Rosebud Waltz. Tip, however, gave a whoop of delight; the merry lilting dance music suited him better, and no waltz was ever more entrancing than the Rosebud. It was the most popular air of the day, and Jerry's one of the few organs that played it. So no sooner had Sal played the opening bar, than children sprang up on every side ready for a dance. It was a pretty sight, for many of them, particularly the Italians, picturesque in their gay rags, danced as if their lithe, graceful little bodies were bewitched by the spell of the rhythm. In pairs or in circles or singly, as the spirit moved them, fully thirty boys and girls were at the very height of delighted exercise, while Tip turned handsprings beside the organ, when two figures loomed up unnoticed at the other end of the court and stood a moment watching the

sport, then they drew nearer, and Sal happening to look up, saw Jerry confronting her, his face livid with rage. She dropped the handle as if it had been a hot coal, and the music stopped with a sudden jerk.

The dancing ended equally abruptly, and the children stood for a moment staring at Sal's great brother, whom they all feared; at the stranger with him; at poor Sal, standing by the organ twisting her fingers together and looking at her boots, not daring to encounter Jerry's glance again; at Tip standing beside her in an attitude of defiance, ready to defend her if necessary; and then one by one they crept away, leaving Tip and Sal alone to face the two men.

"I didn't mean no harm," Sal said finally in a low voice, but Jerry laughed roughly, and went a step nearer her. "H'm!" he said savagely. "Ye didn't, didn't ye? I'll teach ye ter——"

Just here Tip sprang in front of him and faced him.

"No, ye won't neither!" he said. "I got

the orgin an' made her play, an' if yer wants ter take it out o' some un, just get on to me. Ef ye touches her I'll have de cops on to ye, I'll—" He was about to spring at the man, but Sal took hold of his arm. "Don't," she said earnestly. "Don't, he'll hurt ye—" Then from sheer nervousness she coughed, one of her most startling coughs.

"Gad! what a noise!" exclaimed Jerry's companion, who had seated himself on the steps and was watching the quarrel with interest. "Gad!" And turning to Jerry, he asked, "Say, ain't she a lunger?"

Jerry laughed noisily. "*A lunger?* Not she! She wuz born doin' that. It's just one o' her tricks, it don't mean nothin'."

Then both men looked so intently at the child that she coughed once more from embarrassment, and the stranger spoke hastily, before Jerry had time to give way to his anger again.

"I say," he said, "ef that there's a trick cough, there's a fortin' in it. It's a reg'lar bank."

"Bank?" Jerry fairly stammered in his excitement. "What're ye givin' us?"

"What I say. Ef she can do it ter order, take de kid wid ye ter pull bells to ask fer pennies wid a fetchin' 'goin'-ter-die-to-morrer' look, an' I bet ye ten ter one you'll see de chips roll in."

Sal was watching the two with wide-open, solemn eyes. "'Tain't a trick cough," she said finally. "Sal ain't goin' with Jerry."

"Ef 'tain't genooine, it's a trick," answered Jerry, whose frown had entirely disappeared with interest in the new plan. "I says it's a trick, an' ef it'll bring in boodle, ye don't have nothin' ter say about it. Ain't it better ter go than ter be licked to an inch o' yer life or go ter jail? Say, ain't it?"

This was too much for Tip. Clenching his fists, he boldly strode in front of Jerry again. "Ye lie!" he said fiercely. "Say jail again an' I'll smash yer head!"

The big man laughed. "Want ter fight?" he asked. "All right, come on!"

And before Tip had a chance to breathe, he was seized by the collar and pitched into the middle of the street, and when he picked himself up to hit back, both men and Sal had disappeared.

Breathlessly he ran to the house, but the door was barred, and from the sounds within Tip argued that Sal was a prisoner and Jerry her keeper. He was really very much afraid of Jerry, so he did not dare to do anything except tramp up and down outside making plans for revenge, until his mother came home, when Jerry was obliged to unbar the door for her, and at the same time Tip slipped in too.

There was a scene then, when Jerry told of his new plan for Sal, for Mary Murphy was honestly fond of the child and dreaded to have her go out to such a life. She coaxed and implored and even cried, and Mr. Murphy threatened, but it was useless; Jerry was fierce and strong, and besides that, the child was his flesh and blood, the Murphys had no right of actual possession, so at

last, frightened and tired out, Sal gave her promise and Jerry strode off. Sal did not cry—that was not her way—but she was very solemn and quiet, and notwithstanding Mrs. Murphy's words of comfort, crept to bed in a very forlorn mood, to wake the next morning with a dull sense of being all alone in a strange new world, where no one would care for her or let her do the things she liked best.

Running away did not occur to her until Tip whispered the idea in her ear, but she shook her head.

"I dassn't," she said. "He'd ketch me. Sal's goin'." And poor, angry, rebellious Tip had to stand by and see the pathetic little figure led away by Jerry, who appeared at the earliest possible moment for his victim.

When the child was ready to start, she looked like a veritable Mother Bunch; her large boots, which dropped away from her feet with a clicking sound at each step, were tied around her ankles with a stout cord just

below the fringe of tatters at the bottom of her dingy fragment of a skirt. Over her head and hanging down her back in a point was pinned a small, much-faded plaid shawl, making her little face look thin and wan, and when Jerry had suspended the cup for pennies around her neck on a string, her costume was complete, and in Tip's eyes she looked both stylish and beautiful. It gave him a queer feeling down under the back of his torn coat when he saw her trudge off and turn back; once, twice, a third time she turned, with such a wistful look at him that he could not stand it without letting the babyish tears come to his eyes, which, of course, he would never do; so when she looked back for the last time he was standing on his head, making such a comical, upside-down face that Sal smiled faintly. Then they turned the corner and were out of Tip's sight.

And so Sal became like Jerry, a wanderer.

The first day was a continual surprise to

her. They walked so many miles, and at every turn there were so many new sights to be seen. There were such quantities of people and vehicles and great buildings everywhere that she was dazed, and did not know whether she was waking or sleeping. At last in a side street, at least a thousand miles from Mackintyre Court, Sal thought, Jerry set the organ down and began to play in front of one of a long row of houses, motioning to Sal to go to the door. "Cough hard!" he commanded, and timidly she mounted the steps, thinking, as she rang the bell, of Tip, and of all the work left undone in the court because of her absence. As she waited for the bell to be answered the organ began the old familiar

White—wings—they—never—grow—weary,
They—carry—me—cheerily—over—the—sea;
Night—comes,—I—long—for—my—dearie,
I'll—spread—out—my—white—wings—and—
fly—home—to—thee.

The dear, long-loved tune so absorbed her attention that when the door opened she had

Sal.

entirely forgotten what she was expected to do, and just stood staring at the maid, who returned the stare for a moment, then said decidedly, "Not to-day, little girl," and slammed the door. Then Sal remembered what she ought to have done, but it was too late, alas! and there was not a penny in the little cup. Jerry had watched her closely, and when she came down he said with a threatening gesture:

"Cough, or ye goes ter jail, mind that!" So plucking up courage, she crept up the next steps, and as soon as the door was opened, coughed so violently that she felt weak after it, but as she got some pennies, she did not mind, and after that first time it was not so hard. She did not dare forget again, and whether because of the cough or because of the quaint face and bearing of the child, the cup filled and refilled until Jerry was smiling and spoke gently to her. So the day as a whole was not as long and dreadful as she had feared. There was the organ that she loved playing all the time, and the

sky was blue and the air fine, and at many places people spoke kindly to her, even asking about the cough, but she ran away, being much too shy to speak to strangers. The hours passed quickly, and almost before she knew it they were back in the court again. It did not please Jerry at all to go there every night, but he did not know what else to do with the child for the present, so he took her to the Murphys; then went off, in a fine humor, for his earnings were almost double the usual amount, and in his joy he tossed a dime to Sal before he left—a whole, bright, clean dime—more than she had ever had in her life. She put it in her mouth for safe-keeping until Tip should come to share it with her, and then, after satisfying her hunger as well as she could, and answering Mrs. Murphy's eager questions about the day, she flew for her old stump of a broom in a perfect whirl of affection, and was busily sweeping when Tip appeared.

"Hello!" he said admiringly. "You're one an' a half, you are! Ain't ye tuckered

out? Here, gi' me de broom an' quit. Tell us how much ye scooped fer that old rapscallion!"

Sal looked at him with a comical expression, and stringing the cup around her neck again, shuffled over and held it out to him with the most pathetic cough she could call up.

Tip roared with laughter and slapped his knees with his hands. "You're a good un, an' no mistake," he chuckled. "Take it, Sal; take me head, me cash, me legs, but quit that noise!"

Then Sal produced the dime and ordered him off to the corner store for sticks of candy to celebrate with, and when he brought not only the candy, but two sugar buns as well, they had a regular feast, and the day ended in a blaze of festivity.

The next day, and all the succeeding ones for a fortnight, were much like the first, and the new life had in it a charm of novelty, but soon it began to wear on Sal, and when she got back to the court she would

curl up in a little heap, too tired to have any fun with Tip or to take her broom from its corner. Trudging up and down steps all day long, the scant allowance of food, the exposure to stormy weather, were all telling on the child, and more than that, Jerry was becoming less and less kind to her. He had discovered that she did not always obey him —that sometimes she would only cough at one of a dozen houses; he scolded and commanded, and would not listen to her explanations that at times the cough would not come.

"Tell that ter the marines, young un," he said with contempt. "Ye *kin* cough when ye wants, an' I says it's ter be at every house, d'ye hear?" He looked so fierce and strong that Sal was frightened and gave a quivering promise to try her best.

"Ef I don't hear ye bark good an' loud all day, I'll leave ye alone in the street at night," he threatened, and Sal did not doubt that he would be as good as his word.

At length, by the time cold weather had

come, Jerry had grown so tired of going back to the court each night that he began to take Sal with him to lodging places, where the tidy little soul would sit up all night rather than lie down in such filth. And often in the daytime they rested at a sort of parlor which was always warm and bright, where Jerry was able to get nice hot things to drink, but where there was nothing for Sal to eat, and she dreaded to go into these places, for afterward Jerry was always more unkind to her than before. The only bright spots in her days were the stops they made at houses where the little figure was well known and where the women who came to the doors not only did not wait for her to cough, but smilingly gave her money at once.

"It's the little coughing girl; please, may we give her an orange?" she would often hear the children call up-stairs, and then they would give her some dainties and Sal would smile a solemn, half-scared smile, flash a merry look of gratitude at them

from under her long lashes, and escape as fast as possible, being very ill at ease with such beribboned, beruffled little creatures.

One day she had a narrow escape at a house where she was a great favorite with the children. They had seen her coming, had run down to open the door, and eagerly pulled her into the house.

"Come!" they insisted. "Mama said you could see our tree." And before she had time to resist, they had taken her into a room where there was a large green Christmas tree standing. She knew what it was called, for a German family in the court had once had one. There were a number of boys and girls—who looked like big dolls to Sal—dancing around the tree, taking things from its branches, and the girl who had brought Sal in rushed away and returned with toys and candy, which she thrust into Sal's arms. "There!" she said in a tone of satisfaction. "*There*, poor little girl, Santa Claus sent them to you; now come and play with us."

Play with those fairy-like creatures! 'Sal fairly gasped at the thought, dropped her armful of toys on the floor, and seeing the door still open, flew to it, and never so much as looked behind or drew a long breath until she was down by Jerry's side again. Forgetting her fear of him, she pulled his sleeve. "Come," she insisted. "Come quick!" And Jerry, much astonished, moved on farther down the street; then he demanded the money, and Sal was obliged to confess that she not only had not asked for any, but had had other things given her which she had left behind; and a frown gathered on his forehead.

"What's that dangling to ye?" he questioned, and following the direction of his eye, Sal twisted about and discovered a doll suspended from the fringe of her shawl. Evidently it had been one of her presents, and as she dropped the things, a hook of the doll's dress had caught in the fringe; so there it was, a chubby, flaxen-haired toy, smiling at Sal as much as to say, "I am here

to comfort you!" and Sal, regardless of Jerry's muttered words, carefully unhooked the treasure, wrapped it in a corner of her shawl, and holding it tightly in her arms, swayed back and forth with a rocking motion. In his anger the man would have torn it from her and hurled it in the street, but Sal was too quick for him. Clasping it even closer, she spun round and round on one heel, saying decidedly: "Sal have baby, Sal cough; not have baby, *not* cough *one bit*." And the man for his own advantage thought it best to leave the treasure in her arms, and on they tramped through the snow, till Sal's teeth chattered and her lips were blue. As a general thing Jerry did not take his organ out on really bitter or stormy days, but the child had so increased his earnings that he could not resist the temptation now to go out unless the streets were absolutely impassable. On such days they spent their time in the bright parlors where Jerry got the hot things to drink, and where the men told funny stories that Sal stored up to tell

Tip if she should ever see him again, although of that she had now little hope, for three months had gone by since her last night in the court. She was, oh, so tired and lonesome for the old friends, and so pale and thin that she was only a ghost of the old Sal, and now every time she coughed it gave her a sharp pain. This she told Jerry, but he only laughed and told her to "Shut up and come along." So on she trudged, day after day, having difficulty to choke down the cough between times, for it hurt her so badly.

"It's *reel*, honest it is," she pleaded earnestly when she and Jerry were lodging for the night in an empty furniture-van lying at the side of a street in Harlem on the West Side. The van was dry and roomy, but so cold that shivers played hide and seek up and down Sal's back, and the tears—rare sight in her eyes until lately—almost froze on her cheeks.

"'Tis a truly cough; Sal can't help it. Take Sal back. Jerry, take Sal to Tip!"

Again and again she cried out in these words, but the man was in a stupor and paid no attention to her moanings, so she crouched there in the darkness, hugging her doll, the one comfort of her dreary life, and as she crooned a lullaby to it, she thought of the babies in the court, of the pranks she and Tip used to play; then the pretty fairies she had seen dancing around the Christmas tree seemed to be surrounding her. Where was she?

Rousing from a dream, she heard the heavy sound of Jerry's snoring. He was fast asleep, that was evident, and she might cry out all night without being answered. How could she bear the cold for another minute?

Quick as a flash she seemed to hear Tip whisper "Run away!" and without thinking or planning, or even knowing that she was going to do it, she was out of the van, walking away just as fast as her tired, numb feet would carry her in the direction which she thought would take her to the court. To be sure, she had never been there from that

part of the city, nor had she the slightest idea of its locality, but this she did not stop to consider; at the age of seven, when one is sick and abused, one does not stop to reason, one acts, and Sal only thought that if she walked long enough and far enough she would at last find herself in the narrow, winding alley which was home to her. So on she tramped. Once or twice she thought she heard Jerry behind her, and she trembled with fear, but it was not he, and she went on and on alone through the silent streets. At first she was too much excited to feel fatigue; then something in her knees gave out, and she was obliged to sink down on the steps of a house. It had grown very hot, she thought, and she threw off the shawl from her head and shoulders and tried to curl up on the hard stone step. Under a gas-lamp on the block beyond she saw a big policeman coming toward her, and it came to her mind that he would tell her how to get to the court, but at the corner, before he was near enough to hear her voice, he turned, and she heard his

footsteps echoing down a side street. What should she do? She felt so sick and lonesome that she could not stay there by herself another minute, but when she tried to get up she was too stiff to move. Then came a spasm of coughing, and as she lay back, trying to get rested after it, she thought Tip came and laid his hand on her shoulder and she heard his voice. She was glad, so glad! and lay back on his arm saying not a single word, too happy to mind cold or pain any more.

When she woke up she lay quite still, trying to understand what had happened and where she was. There was no darkness and no Tip, but bright sunshine was dancing over a floor all covered with bunches of flowers. Slowly her solemn eyes roved around, looking at things of which she did not know the name or nature. Even what she was lying on was like a dream, it felt as if it were a pile of soft clouds to her tired little body, and over her were laid shining white things.

Had she become a fairy? Where was Jerry? There was a step beside her, and a sweet face bent over her, while some one said softly, "She is awake now." Then a hand was laid on her head and the low voice asked, "Do you feel better, dear?" And as she did not answer the voice added hastily: "There! there! don't try to talk, child, you are too tired; just go to sleep again." And Sal, dazed and wondering, did as she was told. But there came a time when she woke up feeling very different. The pain in her bones was gone, she did not cough, and she was warm and comfortable, as she had not been since she could remember. There was a big man holding her hand, and after she had watched him intently for some time, she asked solemnly, "Where's Jerry?" The man answered with a smile that Jerry wasn't there just then, but perhaps he would be by and by.

"Where's Tip?" Sal's voice was clear and strong. The man made some reply that did not satisfy her, and she went on talking

as if to herself. "I ain't a-goin', *I ain't, I ain't!* Jerry hates Sal; Sal stay here!" Then her eyes grew wild and she cried out: "Where is Sal? Where is Sal's shawl? Sal go back!"

Then a firm hand was laid on her hot one, and the sweet voice which she had heard before said: "Listen, dear; you have been a very, very sick little girl. One night a gentleman came to this house very late indeed. He found you on the steps and brought you in for us to take care of, and you are going to be well and strong again, and tell us all about Jerry, and Tip, and how you came here, but now you must be quiet, and drink what I give you, or you will be sick again. That's a good little girl," as Sal obediently drank the dose. To her the lady was a strange, beautiful creature, whom she would not dream of disobeying, and after she had taken the drink she felt sleepy again, and lay there quietly, thinking of what she had been told.

So that was what had happened, and

why she was in such a wonderful place. The little girls who were so much like fairies must live in rooms like these. She wondered what Jerry did when he roused and found her gone, for now she remembered all about that night and how she had run away. She wondered how far from the court she was, and as she lay there thinking, every now and then the lady would come and smile at her in the way Mrs. Murphy used to smile at her baby when she was rocking it to sleep.

After that Sal grew stronger very fast, and soon was able to sit up in an easy chair and hold the dirty fragment of a doll which had been in her arms when she was found. They tried in vain to replace it with a new dainty one, but that brought on a tempest of sobs, so they let her have her way, and the old doll was with her night and day. When she began to walk about the house she did not look much like the old Sal; her clothes were clean and whole, her hair was neatly tied off her forehead with a bright

ribbon, and for the first time in her life she wore shoes and stockings that fitted her. She was given every kind of toy and picture-book to amuse herself with, too, and it seemed as if she ought to be as contented as any child who ever lived, but she did not laugh or play as if she were pleased. She was always solemn and quiet except when she and her doll were left alone, when she would pour out a volume of songs and stories into its china ear, but the very instant she heard some one coming near she would become shy and subdued again, and the sweet lady grew much worried about her.

One afternoon she said to Sal: "Now, dearie, I want you to tell me about it all; about Tip, and Jerry, and the other people you remember, and then I will tell you something nice."

After a great deal of coaxing Sal told her story in a most incoherent fashion and in language all her own. She was a very deliberate talker, so the recital took a long time,

but the lady listened patiently and her eyes were full of great drops when she went over to Sal's chair, and kneeling down by her, put her arm around the child.

"Dear little girl," she said softly, "it was too hard for such a wee lady to bear, but it is all over, and you are my child now. I had a little girl of my own once, Sal, just like you, with black hair and gray eyes, but one day the angels came and took her from me." Noticing the wonderment in Sal's face, Mrs. Evans, for that was the lady's name, added hastily: "You do not know who the angels are, do you, dear? But I shall teach you all about them soon. Well, they came and took my little girl, and then they left little Sal on the steps to comfort me. Do you see, dear? Mrs. Evans wants Sal to stay and be her very own, never to work any more, but to be loved and cared for. How would Sal like that?"

Not once had Sal taken her earnest eyes from Mrs. Evans's face while she was speaking, but when the lady asked the question

a worried look crept into her eyes, she stamped her small foot, and said with decision:

"No! no! You go with Sal! Sal wants ter go back. You go with Sal!" Then there was evidently a struggle in her mind, for she had a real fondness for this kind new friend, in whose eyes she saw tears gathering. For a moment she stood in her old fashion, with the toe of one shoe crossed over the other, her eyes on the ground; then raising her small hand, she awkwardly patted Mrs. Evans's cheek, but said no word of contentment. Mrs. Evans named over all the amusements and toys and children she could have to play with, but it was in vain. Sal only repeated, "You go with Sal! Take Sal back!" until at last she became so excited that Mr. Evans, who had come in, had to promise that he would try to find the court and take her back to it. After that the child grew calm and suffered herself to smile solemnly again.

Sal's unhappiness made Mrs. Evans feel

very sad, and even her husband's explanation of it failed to comfort her.

"My dear," he said, "you must remember that this life is as strange and unnatural to her as hers would be to us, and the poor child is fighting with desperate homesickness. It seems to me it is our duty to find this place where she belongs, if possible; that is, of course, if in doing it we can protect her from that brute, Jerry."

"If we had not found her on Ethel's birthday, and if she did not have such quaint, refined ways, I should not dare to keep her," urged Mrs. Evans. "But as it is, I feel that she was sent to us, and that we have a *right* to have her, knowing better what will be best for her in the end than she does herself, poor little mite!"

Weeks went by, and the Evanses hoped that Sal was growing more reconciled to staying with them, for she said nothing more of Tip or of wanting to go. Once she discovered a broom down in the basement, and something like her old energy came back to

her as she timidly lifted it and began to sweep, but the housemaid took it from her, saying it was too heavy for "the likes of her," and listlessly Sal gave it up and went back to her toys again.

She did not seem as well and strong as they had expected when she first began to show the effects of care and food. She had no ambition to romp or walk or play, and when they urged her to go out, she would shake her head, saying pitifully:

"Jerry ketch Sal—Jerry hates Sal."

At length the doctor was called in to see her, but he only shook his head. "There is nothing the matter that I can see," he said. "No organic trouble anywhere, madam. It must be imagination." And off he went, being a very busy man, but Mrs. Evans, as she looked at Sal, was far from being satisfied, and there were tears in her eyes, for although the child was smiling at her, it was in such a pathetic way that it went to the good woman's heart.

Then as she looked she gave a sudden

exclamation of surprise, for Sal had jumped to her feet, with crimsoning cheeks and excited eyes, every muscle strained to catch the sound of—what?

W-h-i-t-e w-i-n-g-s t-h-e-y—never—grow—weary,
They—carry—me—cheerily—over—the—sea;
Night—comes,—I—long—for—my—dearie,
I'll—spread—out—my—white—wings—and—fly—
home—to—thee.

The old beloved strains! In the middle of the floor she stood, not breathing or stirring until the last note died away and the opening bar of the merry Rosebud Waltz sounded. Then, with one shriek she vanished headlong down the stairs, and Mrs. Evans following, saw her rush out like a little crazy creature and stand directly in front of a tall, awkward boy grinding the organ, dance up and down, wave her hands, nod her head like a mandarin, crying over and over, in a voice that could be heard from avenue to avenue:

"*Tip!* TIP! TIP! Take Sal back! Quick!"

Down dropped the organ handle, and Tip,

for it was he, stood in dumb wonder, staring at the daintily dressed girl who had the face of long-lost Sal. He stood silent until poor Sal grew frantic; out into the street she ran, and holding up her hand in the form of a cup, she looked at Tip with a radiant, dimpling, sparkling smile such as Mrs. Evans had never seen on her face before. Then she coughed a deep, tragic cough.

If proof had been wanting, there it was, and Tip grasped her hands as tightly as if he feared she would vanish if he let go, and spoke for the first time.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" he gasped, squeezing her hands more tightly with each word. "Tell us where ye dropped from, an' get on to me style, ef ye please! I'm owner of de orgin now, an' I'll play ye de Rosebud all day ef ye wants!"

Meanwhile Mrs. Evans interposed a suggestion that they leave the organ and come into the house to finish their excited talk, so, still hand in hand, they ran up the steps, Sal

looking like another child. As they entered her face clouded with a new trouble.

"Where's Jerry?" she demanded. "Jerry hates Sal, make Sal cough."

"Don't ye fret yer head over that, kid," said Tip, staring with eager eyes around the big hall which they entered. "Jerry, he'll not trouble ye no more. He's gone fer good this time, an' de orgin's mine. He left it in de court, an' he's gone where he can't never come back. Say, ye don't live here, do ye?"

Sal nodded her head impatiently, and dancing around him, repeated: "Tip, take Sal back! Take Sal back quick!"

"*Sure!*" answered the boy. "But ye don't mean ter go back on this here place fer us, do ye?"

There was such a happy light in the child's eyes that Mrs. Evans did not wait for her to answer, but said hastily herself:

"Yes, she is to go back with you to the court, if your mother will take her and do for her as she did in the time before that cruel man took her away. If what you say

is true and she is safe from him, I know Mr. Evans will choose to have her go with you. When he comes in you must tell us all you know about Jerry and other things which we have always wanted to know. We are very fond of Sal, and you can not guess how I hate to give her up, but I have no right to keep her from being happy. You are sure she will be well cared for? She has had such a hard time, you know!"

Tip looked earnestly into Mrs. Evans's sweet face, then extending an extremely grimy hand, while a smile lit up his freckled face from end to end, he said heartily: "Yes, marm, bet yer life on that! Sal's my chum, an' I don't get her in another box, not if I knows myself!" Then the strangeness of the whole occurrence of finding Sal so unexpectedly overcame him, and he slapped his knees with his hands time after time, murmuring under his breath, "*Well, I'll be jiggered!*" all the while keeping his eyes on Sal as if he feared he should lose her again.

Sal meanwhile had stolen up close to

Mrs. Evans and was clinging to her dress. "You come with Sal?" she said wistfully. "You come play with Sal and Tip? Sal likes you. You come with Sal?"

Just then Mrs. Evans could find no words in which to reply, so she nodded, and hugged the child, and Sal, contented, danced away, wild with delight.

There was such a radiance in her face and manner that Mrs. Evans realized with a sigh how useless it was to try to transplant this human flower from the soil in which the Great Gardener had planted it; and to-day there is no happier person in all the world than Sal, in her corner of Mackintyre Court.

MAROONED

MAROONED

"YOU'RE a coward—just like all girls!" said Jimmie, with supreme contempt.

"I'm *not* a coward!" retorted Eleanor, his sister, with much dignity and decision. "Boys aren't any braver than girls, anyhow. They get frightened at different things, that's all. And I just guess I've seen you scared to pieces in a thundershower, or when father called you into the library for a talk!"

"Pooh!" said Jimmie. "You never heard me shriek because I was afraid of a silly little mouse; and I never fell down two flights of stairs because I was scared in the dark, and bounced in like a jumping-jack to disturb you when you were reading. I'd be ashamed to act so, but I s'pose girls can't help it. I'm going to be a pirate, and of

course they never get frightened at anything. You just wait, and I'll show you how brave a fellow can be!"

"I don't care how brave you can be—so there," retorted Eleanor. "And girls don't care to be compared to pirates, anyhow!"

Jimmie was standing on the hearth-rug, with feet wide apart and hands in his pockets, and a superior and scornful expression on his round, fat face. Eleanor stood facing him, likewise scornful, now that she had recovered after her wild scramble from attic to library, which had interrupted Jimmie's profound meditation on pirates and their methods of living.

The next day would be Saturday, and on that day Jimmie proposed to abandon himself to the joys of a seafaring existence. Reading of Captain Kidd's adventures until that hero's deeds were engraved on his brain in red letters, and the pages of the book in which they were recorded were worn in holes, Jimmie had just decided to dedicate himself

to the delightful task of finding Captain Kidd's buried treasure, or at least that part of it which he felt sure he had traced to a location not far from his home. In imagination he was handing out coffers of gold and precious stones to an admiring audience, when Eleanor rushed into the room, breathless, with her wild account of attic adventure.

However, he reflected that it might be pleasant to share his plans—for Jimmie dearly loved to talk—so in a gentler voice he invited Eleanor to sit down. But her pride had been too deeply wounded to allow of such a concession. With a toss of her head she left the hero to himself, and he was obliged to go to bed for lack of better occupation. There in the dark he completed his plan of bold buccaneering, and lay awake to hear the old clock on the stairs announce three successive hours.

But late as it was when he fell asleep, he was up at daybreak the next morning, and, eager not to waste one moment of the day,

dressed himself as hastily as possible in the finery he had been accumulating for some weeks. When arrayed in the costume of the "order of pirates," the effect was even finer than he had anticipated. He wore short red socks and low shoes on which he had pinned large steel buckles. A gay scarf was draped around his waist, another tied over his head in true pirate fashion, and around his neck, over the old blue jacket that hid all of his red sweater except the wristbands, was knotted a red silk handkerchief. On his head over the scarf was an old three-cornered hat which had belonged to a Revolutionary grandfather; and from his ears, suspended by white threads, hung antique earrings of his mother's. A pair of his father's old duck trousers, cut off at the knees to give the proper baggy effect, completed his outfit, and when he had stuck a Japanese sword with its battered scabbard through his belt, and taken a pistol from a rack of relics, he so much resembled a pirate as to feel a thrill of pride in his achieve-

ment, and a keen desire to begin his adventurous career.

So he crept softly down to the pantry and packed a gay work-bag of Eleanor's with crackers, cheese, and cake, and filled a bottle labeled "soda-water" with molasses and water as a suitable beverage to quench a pirate's thirst. He then made his way from the house across the two-mile stretch of salt marshes leading to the inlet. He had often rebelled at the walk when sent on an errand, but as the first incident in his new career it had a different aspect.

Reaching the cove where his boat lay, he stowed away his provender, and found his pickax and shovel safe where he had left them the day before. Then jumping aboard the boat, he rowed easily down the winding inlet, helped by the current. But when he turned into the bay, divided from the open sea by only a short breakwater, progress was quite another matter. He began to look more sober, to whistle less loudly, and to brace himself for real work. For-

tunately it was a calm day or he could scarcely have made any headway against wind and tide in the long pull that was blistering his hands. But at last he reached the strip of sand jutting out from the mainland on which, sunk deep in the sand, lay the spar of an old vessel which Jimmie believed had belonged to the pirate band who had buried their caskets of gold near by.

Beaching his boat, he landed, and began taking measurements to find the exact spot where, as he had figured, the treasure lay. This took some time, and he now decided to eat a bite of luncheon. It did not take long to empty bag and bottle, and off he started toward his boat to get the implements with which to begin work.

But alas for Jimmie! A pirate—marooned—was he!

While he had been busy with his luncheon the tide had turned, his peninsula had become an island lapped by waves that threatened soon to cover it, and far out on

the water, bobbing up and down, he saw his truant boat!

With a groan of despair, he sank down on the sand, the empty bag beside him, the pistol in his hand, while the soda-water bottle floated in a little pool.

Only for a few seconds did he give way to his feelings; then, jumping up, he stood erect and brave, as any good pirate should, and decided what to do. A large piece of slate served in place of a shovel, and he dug fast and deep until he had made an immense hole; but he found only sand, and no trace of the pot of gold. Hot and tired, he rested for a moment, and noticed dark clouds gathering. Could night have come so soon? A low, ominous rumble answered him as the first raindrops fell, and he forgot the treasure—forgot everything except his danger. In a panic, he took refuge behind the old boat spar, clinging to it in a desperate hope of protection against the rising waters. Cowering there, he hid his face that he might not see the waves which were now

covering his island, threatening, as he thought, to sweep him out to sea, while remorseful thoughts came thick and fast. He had disobeyed his father's direct commands about rowing along that shore; he had probably given his invalid mother a dangerous fright; he had taunted Eleanor with cowardice. Was this his punishment, or only the usual lot of a pirate? Waiting for his last moment to come, to his surprise he continued to live, while thunder and lightning roared and flashed and shook the solid earth, and the waves dashed up to the island and flowed softly over him and his once gorgeous costume.

Slowly came the light, a rift in the clouds showed blue sky, and a boat rounded the point, manned by two strong men. A megaphone carried their repeated calls to the ears for which they were meant, and a shrill response brought joy to a father's heart.

To row back through the white-capped waves took time and strength, and it was

some hours later that the limp, bedraggled, waterlogged pirate stood before the home fire, with little left of the bold buccaneer, and much of the thankful boy Jimmie.

That evening, warmed, clothed, and fed, after a long nap, Jimmie was beginning to feel a glow of pride in his adventure, when the feeling speedily vanished at sight of his father beckoning to him.

"James," he said, "I wish to see you in the library immediately. I have something to say to you."

A half-hour later, when he emerged, red-faced and meek, he found Eleanor waiting for him, with a mixture of amusement and sympathy written on her face.

"Weren't you one bit afraid, *really* and *truly?*" she whispered. "*Not one single bit?*"

Jimmie looked steadily and solemnly at her, then a merry smile overspread his round face.

"Of course not," he said. "Pirates *never* are, you know, except *sometimes*—like girls!"

And as a reward for his surrender, and a satisfaction to her intense curiosity, she let him sit down and tell her all about it—for really she was very fond of Jimmie, after all.

(1)

THE END

BOOKS FOR YOUNG READERS.

PUBLISHED IN THE AUTUMN, 1903.

BY JAMES BARNES.

The Giant of Three Wars.

(Heroes of Our Army Series.) Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, $1.00 net; postage, 10 cents additional.

This life of General Winfield Scott makes the first volume in the new series to be known as "Heroes of Our Army." It possesses a colored frontispiece and other illustrations.

BY MARION AMES TAGGART.

At Aunt Anna's.

Colored Frontispiece and other Illustrations by WILLIAM L. JACOBS. 12mo. Cloth, $1.00 net; postage, 10 cents additional.

The story of Ted and Dolly, who are twins, while staying one summer in the country at Aunt Anna's. This is a tale for children of ten or twelve years of age, being illustrated, and having an illustrative cover. It is a dainty book for dainty children, but has the charm that interests the grown person who may read it aloud to those for whom it was written.

BY KATE DICKINSON SWEETSER.

Micky of the Alley and Other Youngsters.

With Illustrations by GEORGE ALFRED WILLIAMS. 12mo. Cloth, $1.00 net; postage, 10 cents additional.

A collection of tales for children of ten to twelve years of age. The subjects are widely varied. That one giving its title to the book, together with "James Barkerding, Knight," are of life in the tenement districts of New York. "Teddy Baird's Luck" tells how a boy finds, when he least expects it, the adventure he has been looking for; "Marooned" is the story of a boy who finds that a boy may be just as much scared as a girl; "Othello, Jr.," describes how a little negro played Othello in a juvenile company of actors; "A Millinery Opening" and "The Boys' Ball" are Christmas stories; and "Sal" is the pathetic story of a little girl who follows a hand-organ and coughs for pennies.

The tales make an interesting and wholesome book for the young, and are told with grace and literary feeling. The pathos and charm of several are notable.

BY GABRIELLE E. JACKSON.

Three Graces.

Illustrated in Colors by C. M. RELYEA. 12mo. Cloth, $1.25 net; postage, 12 cents additional.

A story for girls of boarding-school life, full of incident and wholesome characterization, with delightfully cozy scenes of indoor enjoyment and an exciting description of a Hallowe'en escapade. The Three Graces are interesting girls who may count upon finding among youthful readers many who will follow their school experiences with a sense of making new friends. Mrs. Jackson introduces a strong element of attraction in the honest character of the young country lawyer who carries with him a breath of loyalty to all that is best. The Three Graces themselves are girls of very different characteristics who influence each other for good. The book is illustrated in a spirited manner, and in colors.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

The Spy of Yorktown.
Illustrated. Colored Frontispiece. $1.25 net; postage, 12 cents additional.

The story deals with the interesting epoch of our Revolutionary history when Benedict Arnold, as a reward of his treachery, was in charge of the English forces in Virginia. The spy of Yorktown himself is a brave lad who runs the gamut of adventure following upon his selection by Governor Thomas Jefferson to report to him the numbers and designs of the invading army.

OTHER BOOKS BY MR. STODDARD.

With the Black Prince.
A Story of Adventure in the Fourteenth Century. Illustrated by B. West Clinedinst.

The absorbing interest of this stirring historical romance will appeal to all young readers.

Success Against Odds; or, How an American Boy made his Way.
Illustrated by B. West Clinedinst.

In this spirited and interesting story Mr. Stoddard tells the adventures of a plucky boy who fought his own battles, and made his way upward from poverty in a Long Island seashore town. It is a tale of pluck and self-reliance capitally told.

The Red Patriot.
A Story of the American Revolution. Illustrated by B. West Clinedinst.

The Windfall; or, After the Flood.
Illustrated by B. West Clinedinst.

Chris, the Model-Maker.
A Story of New York. With 6 full-page Illustrations by B. West Clinedinst.

On the Old Frontier.
With 10 full-page Illustrations.

The Battle of New York.
With 11 full-page Illustrations and colored Frontispiece.

Little Smoke.
A Story of the Sioux Indians. With 12 full-page Illustrations by F. S. Dellenbaugh, portraits of Sitting Bull, Red Cloud, and other chiefs, and 72 head and tail pieces representing the various implements and surroundings of Indian life.

Crowded Out o' Crofield.
The Story of a country boy who fought his way to success in the great metropolis. With 23 Illustrations by C. T. Hill.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

Brother Jonathan; or, The Alarm Post in the Cedars.
A Tale of Early Connecticut. Illustrated. Colored Frontispiece. $1.25 net; postage, 12 cents additional.

A stirring tale of the early days of Connecticut, dominated by the forceful personality of Jonathan Trumbull, whose name, through its affectionate use by George Washington, has become the familiar nickname of the nation that he helped to make.

OTHER BOOKS BY MR. BUTTERWORTH.

In the Days of Audubon.
A Tale of the "Protector of Birds." Illustrated by B. West Clinedinst and others. $1.20 net; postage, 14 cents additional.

In the Days of Jefferson; or, The Six Golden Horseshoes.
A Tale of Republican Simplicity. Illustrated by F. T. Merrill. $1.50.

The Story of Magellan.
A Tale of the Discovery of the Philippines. Illustrated by F. T. Merrill and others. $1.50.

The Treasure Ship.
A Story of Sir William Phipps and the Inter-Charter Period in Massachusetts. Illustrated by B. West Clinedinst and others. $1.50.

The Pilot of the Mayflower.
Illustrated by H. Winthrop Peirce and others. $1.50.

True to his Home.
A Tale of the Boyhood of Franklin. Illustrated by H. Winthrop Peirce. $1.50.

The Wampum Belt; or, The Fairest Page of History.
A Tale of William Penn's Treaty with the Indians. With 6 full-page Illustrations. $1.50.

The Knight of Liberty.
A Tale of the Fortunes of Lafayette. With 6 full-page Illustrations. $1.50.

The Patriot Schoolmaster.
A Tale of the Minutemen and the Sons of Liberty. With 6 full-page Illustrations by H. Winthrop Peirce. $1.50.

In the Boyhood of Lincoln.
A Story of the Black Hawk War and the Tunker Schoolmaster. With 12 Illustrations and colored Frontispiece. $1.50.

The Boys of Greenway Court.
A Story of the Early Years of Washington. With 10 full-page Illustrations. $1.50.

The Log School-House on the Columbia.
With 13 full-page Illustrations by J. Carter Beard, E. J. Austen, and others. $1.50.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR.

HIS NEW VOLUME.

Weatherby's Inning.

A Story of College Life and Baseball. Illustrated in colors by C. M. Relyea. $1.25 net; postage, 12 cents additional.

In this latest book Mr. Barbour tells a story of college life and sport that will appeal to readers, old or young, who enjoy a well-written story containing interesting characterization and a plot of sufficient mystery to carry the attention from page to page with increasing curiosity.

MR. BARBOUR'S OTHER BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

Behind the Line.

A Story of School and Football. Illustrated by C. M. Relyea. 12mo. Cloth, $1.20 net; postage, 12 cents additional.

"He writes with a picturesque vigor and a knowledge of his subject."—*St. Louis Post-Despatch.*

"For many lads a story like 'Behind the Line' is as good as an outing, or as beneficial as a real frolic would be on green fields or gravel campus."—*Philadelphia Item.*

Captain of the Crew.

Illustrated by C. M. Relyea. $1.20 net; postage, 12 cents additional.

Mr. Barbour has made himself a master of sport in fiction for young readers. His new book is one of those fresh, graphic, delightful stories of school life that appeal to all healthy boys and girls. He sketches skating and ice-boating and track athletics, as well as rowing.

For the Honor of the School.

A Story of School Life and Interscholastic Sport. Illustrated by C. M. Relyea. $1.50.

"It is a wholesome book, one tingling with health and activity, endeavor and laudable ambition to excel in more fields than one."—*New York Mail and Express.*

The Half-Back.

Illustrated by B. West Clinedinst. $1.50.

"It is in every sense an out-and-out boys' book, simple and manly in tone, hearty and healthy in its sports, and full of that enthusiasm, life, and fondness for games which characterizes the wide-awake, active schoolboy."—*Boston Herald.*

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

NEW BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

With the Flag in the Channel; or, The Adventures of Capt. Gustavus Conyngham.

By JAMES BARNES, Author of "Midshipman Farragut," "Commodore Perry," etc. Illustrated by Charlton T. Chapman. (Young Heroes of our Navy series.) 12mo. Cloth, 80 cents net; postage, 8 cents additional.

The wonderful story of adventure at sea which Mr. Barnes tells in his new volume will be new to almost all readers, but it is founded upon fact. Captain Conyngham was the predecessor of Paul Jones. When Dr. Franklin and Silas Deane of the Marine Committee of 1777 issued the commissions for vessels which were to sail in the capacity of national cruisers, the first commission, dated March 1, 1777, was given to Captain Conyngham. He crossed to the British Channel, captured English ships, entered English ports in disguise, and his brilliant exploits filled England with dismay.

Behind the Line. A Story of School and Football.

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR, Author of "The Half-Back," "Captain of the Crew," etc. Illustrated by C. M. Relyea. 12mo. Cloth, $1.20 net; postage, 12 cents additional.

This is an exciting football story by a writer who has placed himself at the head of writers of stories of college sports. "Behind the Line" deals with life at the preparatory school and in the earlier years at the university. It contains thrilling descriptions of football contests, and gives an intimate view of the preparation and training for football and other athletics. The story is one of much variety and incident, and it sketches the various incidents and amusements and also the work of a large preparatory school.

Miss Lochinvar. A Story for Girls.

By MARION AMES TAGGART. Illustrated by William L. Jacobs. 12mo. Cloth, $1.20 net; postage, 12 cents additional.

Miss Taggart knows all the workings of the girlish heart. The experiences of the country girl brought up to worship nature and truth, to take things at their true worth, and to look always for the best in her friends and surroundings, suddenly called upon to face life in the home of her rich city cousins, and her unconscious influence in overcoming the petty jealousies and meannesses that make themselves manifest in an artificial society, form the theme that Miss Taggart has used for an intensely sympathetic and interesting story.

Jacks of all Trades. A Story for Girls and Boys.

By KATHARINE N. BIRDSALL. Illustrated in two colors by Walter Russell, with many text cuts. 12mo. Cloth, $1.20 net; 12 cents additional.

Here is a story that shows conclusively that "the child is father of the man." Miss Birdsall has written a book that should be read by every boy and girl who has any ambition or purpose to develop the best that is in them. The author has taken nobility of character as the key-note for a most wholesome and inspiriting story, the plot of which is of absorbing interest.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

APPLETONS' HOME-READING BOOKS.

UNCLE SAM SERIES.

Popular Information for the Young Concerning our Government.

A MOST APPROPRIATE HOLIDAY OR VACATION GIFT.

Our Country's Flag and the Flags of Foreign Countries.

By EDWARD S. HOLDEN. Illustrated with 10 colored Plates. Cloth, 80 cents.

This book is a history of national flags, standards, banners, emblems, and symbols. The American flag is presented first, because every American child should know how the flag of his country came to be what it is, and that it has always been the flag of a *country*, not the personal standard of a king or of an emperor.

Our Navy in Time of War.

By FRANKLIN MATTHEWS. Cloth, 75 cents.

The leading events of our navy's achievements and their special significance are related in this book, which is designed to interest the young reader in historical research. No more stirring chapter in our country's history could be selected than is contained in the story of the navy from 1861 to 1898.

Uncle Sam's Secrets.

A Story of National Affairs for the Youth of the Nation By O. P. AUSTIN. 75 cents.

This volume furnishes to the youth of the land some facts about the administrative affairs of the nation—the Post-Office, Treasury, Mint, and other functions. Especially useful to the rising generation in stimulating a desire to become better informed of the affairs of their country, and to love and reverence its institutions.

Uncle Sam's Soldiers.

By O. P. AUSTIN. 75 cents.

The purpose of this story, like the preceding, is instruction, though here it is confined to military matters, including the organization and handling of armies. The story, which purports to be the experience of two boys verging upon manhood who served in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, gives the facts regarding modern military methods in a way that can not fail to interest.

Special Gift Edition. 4 vols., 12mo. Colored Illustrations. Bound in Handsome Red Cloth, Boxed, $3.50.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A 000 125 175 0